Newes out of Powles Churchyarde

Now newly renued and amplifyed according to the accidents of the present time, 1579.

and

Otherwise entituled, Syr Nummus.

Written in English Satyrs. Wherein is reprooued excessiue and vnlawfull seeking after riches, and the euill spending of the same.

Compyled by E. H. Gent.

Seene and allowed according to the order appointed.

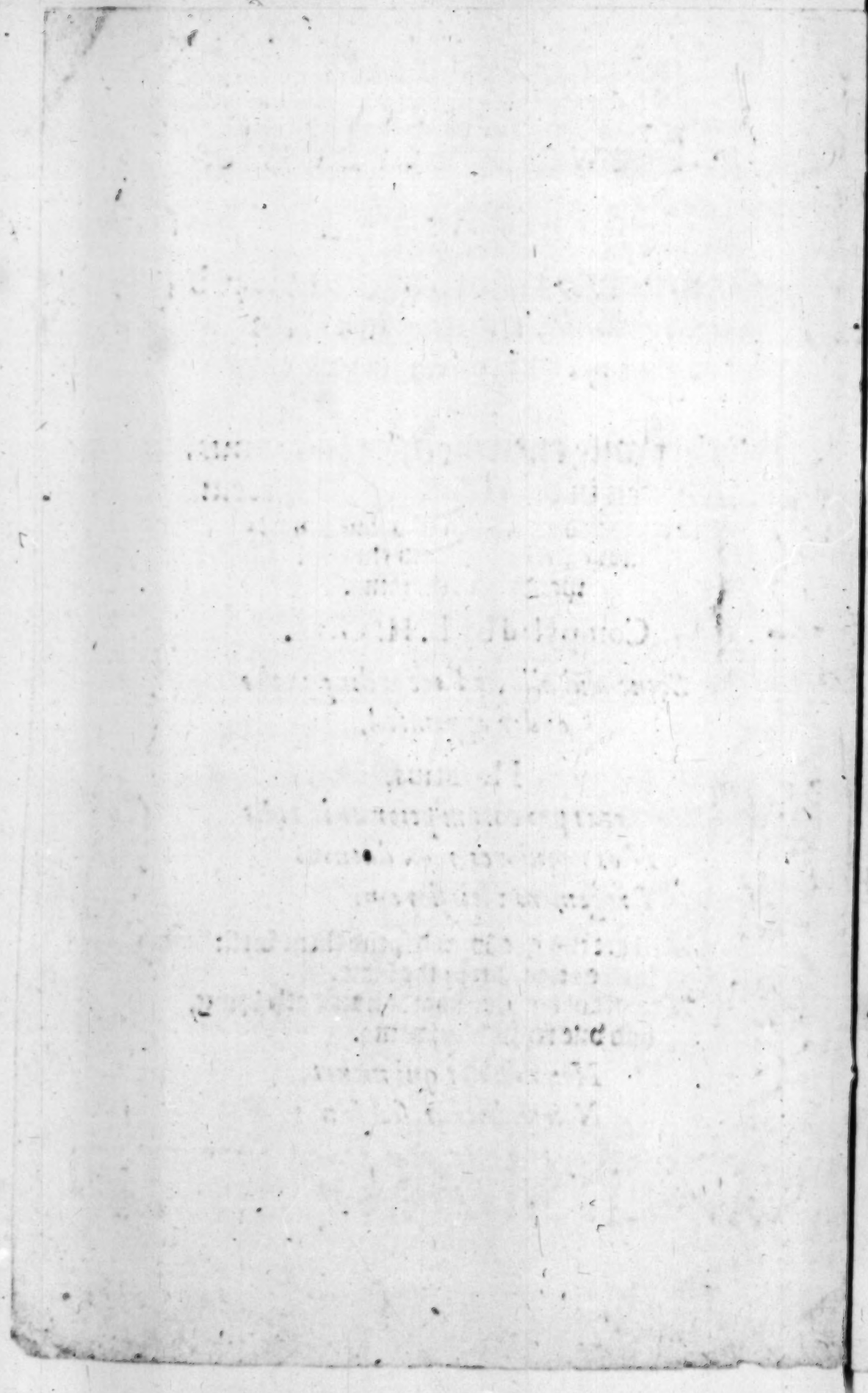
Horatius.

Aetas parentum peior auis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Well get thy goods, and spend them well:
well gotten, keepe the same.
Beware of hoorde, hoorde hate doth bring,
and vile reprochfull name.

Non mordet qui monet,
Non vulnerat, sed sanat.

Phot. of HEH 61244



To the high and Honorable, and his especiall good Lorde, Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbigh, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, high Stewarde of her Maiesties Burrow of new Windsore, Edw. Hake, understeward there, wisheth dayly preseruation with increase of honor to Gods glory.

Sith grace hath graffed in your Noble breſt,
Farre grater gifts then tipe of mundane glee:
Sith high renowme, your Honour, & the reſt,
To Vertue yeeld, and counternayled bee
With great effect of Vertues worthy vew:
I make it bolde for vertues ayde to ſew.
And though my gift (as ſlender to the shoe)
Vnworthy ſeeme to shrowde himſelfe as nowe
In bleſſed Bay from force of deadly foe:
Yet Vertue may your Lordships pitie bowe
To fenſe the Booke beſet with deadly hate,
For that the ſame explanes the preſent ſtate,
And ſets to vew the vices of the time
In Nouell Verſe and Satyrs sharpe effect
Still drawne along and pend in playneſt rime
For ſole intent good liuing to erect:
And ſinne reſcinde which rifely raignes abroade
In peoples harts full fraught with ſinfull loade.

Sith ſo (I ſay) therefore your Noble hart
Let grace ſo guide and bend to Vertues bayte,
That Satirs theſe (though ſeeming ſomwhat tart)
May shielded be from ſuch as lie in waite
The ſame to shend and bring to fowle decaye:
To deadly shame, and mortall malice aye.
So shall your Lordship shewe your ſelfe to bee
Sole vertues ſtay, and friend vnto the good:
Sc hate to ſinne shal men apparaunt ſee,
And loue ſet forth to ſaue the ſinfull bloud.
And ſo shall I encouragde in my paine,
Proceede, and ſet my Pen to Booke againe.
And euer pray the liuing God of might
Your Lordship ſo to guide by gift of grace,
That you may ſtande accepted in his ſight
Whilſt here you liue, and in the ende a place
Receiue with ſuch as vertues path haue traſte:
And liue with them that vertue haue imbraſte.

Your Lordſhips moſt
humbly at commaund-
ment. Edw. Hake.

To the Gentle Reader.

IT pleaſeth the Printer, (Gentle Reader, as thou ſéeſt) after twelue yéeres ſcilence, to hale againe into the lighte, this my litle booke of engliſhe Satyrs, which elſe mighte haue ſonge vnto it ſelfe, Ecce nunc in puluere dormio: what his gaine ſhalbe, I knowe not: and I am perſwaded, that gaine is not the onely, no nor the chiefeſt ende hée reſpecteth. But on the other part, what I ſhal gaine that am the Author of the book, none can be ſo ignorannt, but hée maye eaſilye gheſſe. Once, money I gaine none at this time, either for writing altering or correcting of the ſame: & hereof I ſtand ſo cléere, that bothe I and my booke may be bould to exempt our ſelues from the reache of mine owne Argument which conſiſteth in the repreuing of thoſe who (by male engine) lie in wait for ſir Nummus. And thus much be ſpoken to preuent the obprobry & reproche that this way might be rayſed againſt me.

As for prayſe and commendation, if the ſharpnes of my Satyrs were not matter ſufficient to ſettle me againſt the expectation thereof: yet I am nót ſo farre from Iudgement I thanke God, but that I

know (in part) what is lackinge (aswell in the inuention as in the verse of the booke,) that shoulde carye away commendation amongst the better sort of englishe Poetes of our tyme: And indeede, it is a matter that I stryue nothing at all to attaine vnto: For if I did, I woulde frequent the meanes, which are reading and practise, neyther whereof, I haue bene acquainted with to any purpose since the first three yeeres which I spent in the Innes of Chauncery: being now aboue a dosen of yeeres passed. And so longe is it sithens these Satyres were firste made and set forth, euen (as I maye saye) in my childishe yeeres, whereof notwithstanding verye lyttle or nothing I repent mee. Only I wishe that all that I haue written & published heretofore were by me reuised, and that I might haue license and laysure to runne them ouer againe, hereby to make them a little more substantiall if my habilitye serued thereto: which being once done and performed, how forwarde I woulde bee from thensforth in setting forth of bookes, shoulde appeare vnto the worlde by the continuance of my silence. For (to speake a truthe) it is not meete we shoulde cloye the worlde with to many

to many bookes of weake handling: especially, whiles the learned trauailes and profitable labours of worthye wryters are fayne to keepe the doore (as I maye terme it) or, which is more, to lie buried in silēce.

But touching this my booke: I haue not abridged it of any one Satyre that was in the first edytion thereof, neyther haue I added vnto it any other whole Satyr: But I haue enlarged here and there one, and haue corrected ỳ whole booke in many places. I confesse I could haue bene wylling to haue increased the number by v. or vj. Satyrs at the least: Namely of vndershreues and Baylliffs one: And of Informers and Sompners or Apparitours other two. Which officers (if they all so be) how they abuse the Subiects and people of this Realme at this daye, by intollerable Extortions bryberies trecheries and deceyts, what whole Shier, and in euerye Shier, what Cytie Towne or Village, is not hable haboundauntly to declare? But these, togither with the exquisite handling of mine allowable Argument, I muste be contented to omitte, as neyther hauynge laysure, nor (through want of laysure) skill sufficient to accomplishe the same: For I

tell you, it is no matter of meane ympor-
taunce, firſte to ſearche and lyfte owte the
wrenches and wyles, ſhyfts, practiſes and
deceytes that the lewde ſorte of this people
(which I feare me are the greater number
of them) doe vſe to gette money with. And
then hauing ſo ſearched and lyfted them
owte from noke to croke, to ſette forthe
the ſame in apt and conuenient diſcourſe:
For which cauſes (gentle Reader) be con-
tented and affoord me thine indyfferent
Judgement in this that I haue alreadye
done: And if thou finde therein any matter
of reprehenſion more fytte to haue bene
handled by men of grauer Cenſure and
more agreeable callinge: Foraſmuche as it
reacheth no farther then to the repreuing
of vice, and the ſame alſo wrytten in that
age of mine, when as vice (withoute the
grace of God) mighte rather haue drawen
me to her league, then haue had me for hir
enemye: I thinke thou mayeſt well
enoughe (without endaungeringe
of Juſtice) aſſent to my requeſt,
and ſo I hope thou wylt
do. Fare well.

Ad authorem, Ioannes Long
Londoniensis minister.

QVarit opes hominũ mens improba, querit honores:
Sed quid diuitiæ? quid decus omne valent?
Insidiis quæruntur opes, quæruntur honores:
Ista breui fugiunt, & peritura volant.
Perge tuos igitur fœlici tramite gressus:
Sistere ne retrahat Zoilus istud opus.
Insidias ostende virùm, quos nulla mouere
Heu pietas poterit: queis pador omnis abest.
Sic tu Nestoriæ traduces stamina vitæ
Hakê, tuam famam sydera summa canent.

The ſame to the Citie of London.

A Great conqueſt of ſinne hath made
a Student Edward Hake.
O London learne for to beware,
from ſinne ariſe and wake.
Of wanton Waydes he did alſo,
the ſlights a late detect:
Learne to be wiſe, and looke to them,
the worſt alwayes ſuſpect.
Hée hath reduſde to vulgare tongue
the Imitation true
And following of our Captaine Chriſte,
good liuing to renue.
A Touchestone for the preſent tyme
hée eke ſet forth of late,
Wherein the ruynes of the Churche
with zeale he doth debate.
A briefe memoriall of our Quéene
& and of her bleſſed raigne
He alſo wrote in deWe diſcourſe
firſt once and then againe.
At length theſe newes are now come forth
wherein thy ſinnes he ſhowes.
Repent (therefore) and call for grace
of God eche thing that knowes.

FINIS.

The Author to the Carping and scornefull Sicophant.

AS plated Fiume of slender slycing Oare
Wherwith the Seaman cuts the crooked waue,
Is scant of force tattaine the happy shoare
When check of tyde back beares the mighty Naue:
So I (no lesse) long lodgde on mounting surge,
Was kept aloofe by cankerd caytifes gurge.

Though true intent did slyce the streame so swift,
Sea beaten Barck could scantly yet obtaine
The shoare tyll now: by subtile Zoyls drift
And Vipers tongue that beat my Boate amaine.
What then? perforce, and maugre Momus head,
I skyp on Strond, as free from daungers dread.

Let Sicophaunts and Minotaurus broode,
Let Ciclops Feere, and subtyle Ciren Hagges,
With grinning Jawes and gasping gyddy moode
Go shake their eares, and shut their shameles bagges.
I force them not, nor Neutrall, Papist, nor
Vile Janus Jacks: their league doo I abhor.

Thou Papist, thou, false harted to thy Prince,
That wouldste bereaue her grace of princely powre,
To thee I say that checking, doost conuince
(As seemeth thee) my poynaunt poore deuowre:
For that thou deemst me dampned by thy doom,
Stand back sir Brock, let Bandog take thy room.

Shall brockysh Badger beare as now the sway,
Or Shepherdes Dog that bringeth in the Sheepe?
Shall wooluish mates that woont the same to slay,
Rebuke the Whelpe? no, no, take thou no kepe.
To my poore powre yle barck thee from the fold,
And shepherdes shall rehayte thee to thy holde.

Where-

To the carping and

Wherefore, withdraw thy raging spoyle by day
And see thou lurck (at least) within thy caue
Whyle Stumme is vp, for feare of Hunters pray:
What tyme thy craft is not of force to saue.
And eke at night, beware ift be thy hap,
And keepe thy foote from slipping Hunters trap.

And now to thee thou double faced drudge,
That pipes thy selfe so pleasant vnto chaunge,
And vnder hand dooste beare thy face so Budge:
Thou Tyme seiaue thou, ỳ sayst my pen doth raunge:
To thee I say (for that thou moanst my case)
Restraine thy tongue, least I descry thy face.

Thy hooded head that doth two faces beare,
I see how closely vnderhand it nods,
And triple tongue that bydes me ware this geare,
Least chaunge should come. But twene vs. ij. be ods.
And therefore (Janus) once againe I say,
Go charme your tongue, least I take hood away.

And last of all, I turne my tale to thee,
Thou nunquam sanus byle reprochfull mate,
And carping careleſſe cankerd churle, whom hee
That writes eth where, reproues with worthy hate.
For that thou belkst with belly burſten paunch,
Gainſt them that haps from ydle shoare to launch.

To thee, to thee my slytting Muſe auerres,
And bound by Oathe of Fayth, I dow auowe
That neyther hate nor harbraynd toy inferres
This worke of myne which I dow publyſh nowe.
Nor meede at all, though where it bringeth gaine,
It pleaſeth some for to requite my paine.

For

ſcornefull Sicophant.

For well thou wotſte, if thyrſtly were my minde
To bend the ſame to wynne by gayneſome trade,
Then would I wrypte the thing that Authors finde
Againe within: and wherby Dommes be made.
I meane vaine ieſtes to ſtirre vp filthy game.
But I proteſt my harte doth hate the ſame

And onely ſeekes how to ſequeſter ſinne,
And Sathans dryfts that driue men downe to hell:
My thoughts be cleere, my conſcience cleane within.
Thus knoweth God, that eche ones thought can tell.
Wherfore, beware and let thy carping lye.
Elſe, ſure my pen my gyltieſſe hart ſhall trye.

And to conclude, to all that wyſh me well,
And loue by tongue, do better to my fate,
I make requeſt that rancour they depell
And let their verdict to the Trueth geue place.
Elſe, let them ceaſe to beare of friend the name.
For I refuſe to take them for the ſame.

Once (ſure I am) with quipping querkes herein,
I haue not meant to taunt, or check the good,
Nor (raying bent) I ſlaunders doo begin:
Though trueth I ſay, to ſuch as wyll be wood.
For gyltie man findes eche thing to his ſhame.
Where good men can their owne offences blame.

But well, for fine and finall ende I ſaye
To all ſuch Snakes as flyng by ſtealing pace
And boughing Curs that barcke and winde away,
I holde it beſt that they no more defface
An open trueth: For then, as they deſerue,
Embarckt I lye to launch when tyme ſhal ſerue.

FINIS.

Ad authorem Ric. Mathæus, Londonienſis miniſter.

TVus probatur à pijs labor bonus:
Qui quod pium eſt non diligit,
Noli putare vincere hunc virum tibi:
Huic ſit loquela libera.
Quis Zoilum fugit pius? Tu nec potes:
Bonis mali nam detrahunt.
Tibi beata ſit precor ſolatio
Vita ea, Deus quam tunc dabit,
Cum tua fides Chriſto vt facit des obuiam
Regno patris ſummi ſui.

The

The Noueltie of this Booke.

Such Noueltie as time doth bring,
I yéelde in méeter héere:
Euen newes that to the Godly hart
may noysome newes appéere.
But yet what then? such is the state
of this our présent time,
That now no daye doth palle without
some new deuiled crime.

FINIS.

¶ The Glory of the Honorable, is the feare of God.

The Beare doth beare me now in hand
that Noble is thy race.
The vertues of thy worthy minde,
shewe forth the gifts of grace.

The first Satyr.

Auctthor.

AS late I walked vp and downe,
in Powles for my repast,
And there (as many woont to doo)
about the Church had traste
Long tyme alone to view the rowte,
and great confused noyse,
With pleasaunt chat (a world to see)
at length I heard a voyce.
And casting backe mine eye, I spyde
a pretie wymble lad,
Who saluing of his mate, dyd aske
what newes were to be had.
His fellowe (lyke a gentle swaine,
and ioly headed chylde)
Conioyned handes, and sighing, sayde
a slaue hath me beguilde.
But scarcely had he spoken this,
or eare his faithfull seere
Faste claspte his arme, and him besought,
to be of better cheere:
And let not chaunce (quoth he) afright,
nor so molest your minde,
As thus to seeme a Wight that hath
his woonted ioy resygnde.

Bertulph. Tell tell, quoth Bertulph (so he hight)
By whome you are beguylde
And eke what cause and cruel chaunce
your comfort hath exylde.

Paule. O friende (sayde Paule) full soone would I
expresse to thée my griefe,
But so peruersely falles it forth
that I sée no reliefe.
But yet sith thou so vrgent arte
and earnest of the case,
I graunt thereto if thou attende
and walke about the place.
Content is pleasde, quoth Bertulph tho,
and then they walckte yfœre,

Aucthor. And I perceyuing all their talcke,
approched very néere:
And ioyning close vnto their side,
I walckt with equall pace
(Without offence as I suppose
their talcke had such a grace.)

Paule. Then Paule began with visage pale
and handes conioyned fast,
To settle forth him selfe to speake,
and thus he spake at last.
The highest God that syttes aboue
For aye in heauenly Throne.
That Prince of might that rules the hea
and Welkin wéeldes alone, (uen

He knowes if I do falsely speake,
or (moued through affect)
If I through hate or fauor, lye
in any one respect.
But first, before my tale begyn,
Ile tell you howe the slaue
Hath many one beguyled earst
that sought the same to haue.
His name also I wyll not sticke
to tell you with the rest.
And to be short, he Nummus hight
(a passing proper guest,)
He lodgeth ofte with Marchauntmen
and eke with men of Lawe,
And lightly where he hosteth, there
are people kept in awe.
Ile eke declare howe that as he
doth often men beguyle,
Euen so him selfe is often catcht,
with fraude and filthy wyle.
And howe ofte tymes by force they wrest
and wring him to their handes
And howe from soles he often flyes
and breakes his tynsell bandes,
Now, whiles ỹ Paule was speaking thus, Author.
his mate gan me espye.
He knewe my minde, I gaue a becke,
he wynked with his eye

And helde his fynger on his mouth,
suspecting sore the man:
He thought that fancies fed his braine,
his visage lookte so wan
And wordes so voyde of woonted sence.
But yet (for that he hight,
And promisde had to heare the ende)
his hest he kept aright.

Paule. And forth proceeded Paule at large.
This Nummus nowe (quoth he)
Is straighily watchte, and hardly kept
with men of each degree.
He wanteth none to wayte for him,
although he scapt from mee.
The Laytie and the Clergie bothe,
if haply him they see:
Will talke with Vobis eare he parte,
theyle plucke a Crowe with him.
Theyle shut him vp, or sende him forth,
some greater gaine to wyn.
Or else to worke their neighbors woe,
by waginge sutes at Lawe,
To bring them selues in prease and price,
and to be had in awe.

Clergie. But as for Clergie, some of them,
they knowe his nature well,
They knowe his false corrupting force,
with him they will not mell,

Except

Except it be where neede requires,
and for a iuſt intent.
And ſurely ſome, though not the ſwaye,
right ſo to gaine are bent.
Although that ſome againe do ſeeke
exceſſiuely the ſame,
And ſome do hoorde it vp in ſtore,
to their rebuke and ſhame.
But (if I ſhould vprightly ſpeake)
Their lyuinges are ſo lopt,
That from th'inferiour Clergie men,
long ſince ſyr Nummus hopt.
I meane not pompous Prelates here,
nor Chaplens of degree,
Theſe ſaunting fellowes by your leaue,
will haue it ſtad maye bee.
I meane, I meane poore Miniſters,
ſome plaſte and ſome diſperſt,
Whome powling Patrons and ſuch lyke,
haue greeuouſly amerſt.
And yet forſoothe our Baldockes bleate,
and ſay they keepe no theare.
They catche ſyr Nummus from them ſtill,
and yet would haue him beare.
But well they are no ſmall foles nowe,
that robbe the Clergies meede.
Wherfore to ſylence were I beſt,
ſuch woordes may rancor breede.

And here you muſt advert it well,
that luſtly men maye ſeeke
For Nummus to releeue their neede,
if ſo their fancie leeke.
And alſo how that they right well
the ſame may ſtyll retaine,
So that they do not hoord him vp
for ſole intent to gaine.
But ſuch as I ſhall here recite,
cannot without offence
The ſame or ſeeke, or keepe, or ſpend
what ſo be their pretence.
Becauſe their mindes are all peruerſe:
they ſpende for ſpyte or gaine:
And through the luſt of lawleſſe hoorde,
the ſame do they retaine.
And what are they that ſeeke it ſo?
Euen moſt men now a dayes.
In Countrey, Citie and each where
they finde ſiniſter wayes
T'obtaine the ſame, and ſpende it yll,
or elſe to keepe it woorſe:
And euer aye their mindes are bent
to fyll their farſed Purſe.
But nowe, for that the ſcope is large
where we may finde them out,
And time but ſhort, I rather meane
to leaue the Country rout,

And

And medle with our Townish lads
in London sole precinct,
Except (as nede) the Suburbs must
be with the Citie Linckt.
Wheras, when I haue reckned vp
of them the most estates,
Then tell howe many kindes of folcke
ne lyue within the rates
And bounds of honest seeking sore,
of spending well the same,
Of cldsely couching vp their hord
as bedlem bugs to tame.
Why syr (quoth Bertulph) now me thinks Bertulph.
you talke not of the man
That seru'de you of that suttish touch
of late I wot neare whan.
O Friende (quoth Paule) is this the faith Paule.
and this thy late behest?
I sticke not to begin my tale
at thy alone request:
And thou therefore didst promise mée
thy silent eare to giue.
And yet thou interruptst my tale.
Howe should I thee beleue?
Of friendly faith attende a while,
and marke me to the ende:
Then shalt thou thinke that I disclose
to thee as to a Friende. Finis.

The second Satyr.

Paule.

AS promise presseth me to show
my minde to thee at large:
Euen so t'obserue due order is,
belonging to my charge.
Harcke therfore (first) how Nummus doth
beguile eche kinde of men:
Howe it through force and vyle effect
doth noysome humor blen:
His beautie (first) and pregnant show,
and then his mighty force,
Enchaunteth so the peoples hartes:
that (voyde of all remorse)
They fawne & gape, they watch and prie,
they leaze and eft forsweare,
They worke the thing that wicked is,
they cursse, they ban and teare
The blessed name of great Ichoue,
and all to wyn the same:
They put in vre they practise still
to get the golden hame.

Men of Lawe.

And first beholde our men of lawe:
let them haue chiefest place,
Sith by the lawes, whe common weath
doth runne his rightfull race.

And

And for that Lawes accompted are,
eche where the chiefest stayes:
Let Lawiers then be principall,
and first within my playe.
But as for Judges now to iudge, Judges.
my iudgement will not saye:
I wote full well, their prayse was spread
by me this other daye.
And Trueth it is, our Judgement states
such Vrgent heades possesse,
As former dayes for men of chorse,
had neuer such I gueesse.
What then? no sort, no one degree,
no place, no function so
Vprightly standes, but with the good
some wicked weede doth growe.
With vertues league, some vice doth lyue
and forme of godly hew
Oft equall makes with men of troth,
some Hypocrites vntrue.
I knowe friend Bertulph, some there be.
whose hands regarde no meede,
Whose hartes Dye no deceypt at all,
from whome no harmes proceede:
And sure I am, when cause of troth,
before such men is tryde,
With simply troth, they Justice yelde,
and iustly do deryde.

But

But nowe, although with these there lyst
no one that doth dissent
Though all of them in publicque place
doo sing Amesme lentent
Yet vnderhande perhaps there are
that nowe and then devoure
The sugred sappe that Justice yeeldes:
And where they lyst to lowre
For spyte or gayne, or priuate wreke,
there Justice course is stayde.
And where they lyst to smother troth,
there, right is cleane dismayde.
Such such there be (or haue bin some)
who when they rule alone,
When scope & course hath boyst them vp
and set them chiefe in Throne
From Censors sight, and priuate made
their swaye and supreme plate:
Then then they wring & wrong the right,
then then they truth deface.
Ah Bertulph, be there not thinke you,
In place of Justice sette
Some fained sortes of fawning Sprites
that course of Justice lette?
That frame a semblaunce sound and good,
that iuste and holy seems,
And yet in harte are fraught with guyle,
and ofte vniustly deeme?

I feare

I feare I feare me falsehod lurkes
in lappes of learned syse
I feare me Nummus oft peruerts
in some that go for wyse:
So then, some chiefe and some bessides
so smally ponder mesde,
That where they syt in common swaye,
there, Justice doth proceede.
But some againe where place hath made
their powres distinct, I feare
Of popish willes, through gruteh or gaine
with much enorme do beare.
And hence, from hence I feare me come
these cryes of common sort
That oft lament and oft affyrme
their Judgement to be short.
One here bewayles his wofull case
and wisheth him vnborne,
Another cryes with wringing handes,
alas, I am forlorne
My sute thus long depended hath:
The Lawe is on my syde,
And yet in harde delayes I lye
true Judgement to abyde.
Another thus: he friended is,
the Judge doth lone him well
And me (as poore and needie) they
do dayly thus deyell

Two

Two hundreth myles and more I come:
My Wife at home (alas)
Lyes with my Children halfe forepynde:
(O lamentable case.)
My goods are spent, which labor brought,
through long and carefull toyle:
The Lawe hath lyckt vp all my wealth
for which I dyd turmoyle.
Oh, I can haue no Law nor right,
ne Money haue I nowe:
I must go beg, my goodes be gone,
to lyue I knowe not howe.
These eares of mine abhorred haue,
mine eyes haue wet my plants.
My hart hath yerned in Iudgement true,
to see such wofull wants.
Tys harde to saye, Ile holde my peace.
But if these playnts be true,
Syr Nummus swayeth there with some,
(a worthy cause to rue.)
But vnto him that highest syts,
and sees eche secrete yll,
With prayer I commytte the same,
t'amende it at his wyll.
And nowe to Lawiers that do parle, Practisers at the Law.
and pleade in cause of right.
To such as for syr Nummus wyll
turne darknesse into lyght,

And

And lyght into obscured sence,
and arsiuersie turne ecbe thing:
To such wyll I procéde as now,
and to my matter bring.
I wyll not speake of fine deuise,
nor sowle decrypt full clause,
In Leases, wyls, and other lyke,
but wresting of the Lawes
And soding of the Clyent forth:
for though that fraude abound,
And though by falsely framing so,
eche where are beggers sounde:
Yet I as nowe will blason forth,
and gene you well to se,
Howe these men toyne in matters false,
retayned for a fe.
And so for Nummus long delays
a poze and needy soule,
To sleese and flea the simple wretche,
to pylfer and to poule:
To shred him cleane from all his wealth,
and then perhaps releue,
And ware full colde to ayde his right,
when Nummus all is spent.
Yea lykewise tys in doubts with some,
when Nummus so doth fayle,
If they through bribe of eyther syde,
let not the sute to quayle,

A Fee of Forma pauperis?
no no it hath no sent.
Such sorrmall Fées finde smal relicke
they buy no lande ne rent.
My friend (therfore) if you haue nought
wherewith to fee me styll
But forwes and showes, Take forwes &
for Counsayle if you wyll. (gaine
But what sayde I? was promise made
to paint such practise heere?
No no: If so, I must relent:
Great matter doth appeare
Therein: and therefore will I leaue
them to the worldly veiwe:
I meane the false and subtil ones,
I speake not of the true,
Nor such as are affected well.
(as many there are such
Although the false in number do
exceede them very much.)
But well, go to: this gotten good
howe is it spent I praye?
Forsoth, no poore man must haue lande:
for so wyll they assaye
And practise, that in tyme they wyll
gette all into their handes.
And turne the poore men headlong forth
of all both house and landes.

A shame it were and great reproche
to see a poore man dwell,
Or haue a house not farre from theirs:
their Noses hate the smell.
And long (no doubt) their Noses be,
right mischeuous of Sent:
For that which once was lande demeasne,
is holden nowe for rent.
They smell it forth, though farre it be:
they haue a vengeaunce hooke:
Both Parsnage and ought besides
theyle haue by hooke or crooke.
Their Princely Places stately be,
their houses buylt for aye,
Their Turrettes vp aloft are raysde,
foundations deepe they laye,
So thus (no doubt) and farre more yll,
they let syr Nummus wagge.
Reserning still some mightie Masse
to rust within the bagge.
And here you see what wayte they laye
and eke what wayes they vse
To get this pelfe: and gotten, see
how they the same abuse.
The next are Petypractisers,
and Petyfogging mates:
Yea, Clarkes, Attorneyes, such of them
as lyue of lewde debates,

Attorneyes and Petypractisers.

Eche

Eache honeſt calling towardes Lawe,
ſo preſſed is from Vice,
That hardly can an honeſt man
with honeſty aryſe.
And twiſe as hardly may he ſtande,
to ſtoppe eche ſtrayned ſhyfte.
Such force hath falſehood, more the truth,
ſo deadly can they lyfte.
What trowes of greedy griping crowes,
what fowle infecting rowte.
God Lord, what ſtore of gleaning Jacks
diſperſed are through out:
Can Lawes reliefe be eaſily got,
or gotten, can it do eaſe,
Where ſuch great troupes of bribing fiſts
muſt fyrſt fyll Nummus teaſe:
Of truelly ſuch traines, of fruthles mates
ſuch heapes of monſters dwell
Tweene plaints and fynall Judgements
that greater woes in hell (ſcate,
If hell were as the Poets wryte,
I thinke couldе not be felt.
Care Sokes haue ende, ſuch chardge, ſuch
as make my harte to melt. (toyle,
But whence aryſe theſe rauening rowtes:
whence ſpring they: Sure from guyle
And of diſdaine to vulgare ſtate,
wherein their Parents toyle.

Well,

Well, these be they, that what for tale
and what for falsehod great,
Doo taynt the Realme with stryfes, & stop
the waye to Justice seate.
That make the iuyce of Justice sowre,
that turne the Lawes to wreake,
That make true Judgemēt taste like gall,
that nought but falsehod speake.
That liue and lustily lashe out
in purchase or in pride
More largely then of Countrey States
doth any State beside.
But here to shew what prowling means,
what pranckes this pylfring sort
Doo vse to gette syr Nummus with,
and so holde vp their porte:
This this to doo, were to to harde.
Naye, this were such a woorcke
As if one only man should prease
to fight against the Turcke.
But greater, yea farre greater t'were
to clense this Chanell cleane.
I thinke Augæus Oxestalles were
to this a worcke but meane.
I knowe good Judges haue begonne
and waded verie farre
I knowe that some, to helpe these hurtes,
right godly carefull are.

But new found Clerckes and Officers
so preasse with might and mayne,
That (Hydra like) one head cut of,
for eary head springs twayne.
Good Lord, e shall these wandring Sprites
aye walcke abroade at wyll:
Shall Nūmus no where start, but streight
these Catchpolles catch him styll:
Shall no mannes eye that lyues this day,
beholde a better state:
Ah, out alas, and shall this rowte
sæde alwayes of debate:
Why then, what man shall lyue in peace:
whose porcion shall be fast:
Whose land and lyuing shall be free
where these men once are plast:
And where almost, or in what Soyle
do not these Monsters swarme:
What coast frend Bertulph can you name
where these men do not harme:
I knowe in thissame calling are
a sort of sæmely Wights
That lyue in peace, and further peace,
that so their Countrey dights
With sounde examples of good life,
with Justice and with truth,
That scarce from any state of men
a better lyfe ensuth.

And

And in this speache of mine, I meane
and eke do comprehende
Not only Clerckes and Practisers
But also do intende
That Counsaylers haue equall praise
and higher praise in dæde
By howe much they in higher place
and higher thinges procæde.
But these, all these are nowe so matcht
and ouerswayde with swarmes:
That sælo and seldome can they helpe
to kæpe the good from harmes.
I wishe to God some Theseus
might giue a choppe or twayne
And rather then these heads should stand,
to choppe and choppe againe.
Nowe, wheras Bertulph here perhaps
you looke I should declare
Yow this great Rabble rakes for coyne,
and howe they Nummus snare:
I tell you as I tolde you earst,
this is too much for me:
Ths pennes of twenty skilfull men
for this would needefull be.
In briefe, yet thus I dare affyrme
that these superfluous traynes
In Lawyers state, vse fowle deceytes
t'inlarge their priuate gaynes.

Which gotten once, is lewdly spent
in pompe and prowde araye,
To whose fowle rapine sely wightes
are ofte and ofte a praye.
I leaue them as I leste the rest,
I touche and go my wayes.
This short discourse shewes well enough
howe here sir Nummus swayes.
Finis.

The thyrde Satyr.

Paule. ADuert we nowe who else there be
that grasping gape for gaine,
And let vs place them in the rue
amongst this grædy traine.

Phisitions. Phisitions take the seconde rowme,
for worthy so they be:
They stately stalcke, and beare a port
in London now we see.
With reuerence and worship great,
with cap and eake with knee,
We must beseche his Maistership
our Patient to see.

And

And what of this? will this suffice?
No: Nummus doth the deede.
Vnguentum Aureum or such lyke
will make him ranne with speede.
Go Symon go, or Gilbert else,
go cast my fatecloth on?
No neede to byd the Doctor go,
he will be gone anon.
And when hees there, with solempne face
and graue deuised porte
Ye frames his talke for to perswade
or else for to deborte
As lykes him best: he both can dow,
and both so finely frame,
That Nummus shall be nymmed streight.
O passing prettie game?
Who would not blushe to see such frawde,
and such fine framed knacks?
Who would not hate the falsehode vyle
of these so pienish Jackes?
And (sothly if I should affirme)
I beare so much deceat
Of theirs in progging after gaine,
as tongue can not repeat.
And (as of course) I dow demaunde
howe they dow spend the same?
Forsoth, I beare no good they dow:
No man can iustly blame

Or ought accuse them of good dædes.
But this my selfe can saye,
That most thereof that I sæ spent,
is on apparell gaye.
For but of late, ene thus I heard
a worthy Doctor say:
My matters frame not as I would,
Ile worke some other way.
I sæ these wæedes be not to weare.
Ile henceforth so prouide,
That I will haue a prætie Nagge
about the Towne to ride.
Ile haue a footecloath, and each thing
belonging to the same:
My felow Doctor hath the lyke,
and passing flyes his name.
A Gowne with graundcape will I haue,
a swinging Veluet Cap,
A Coate according verie braue:
and then ift be my hap,
With mighty lookes, and learning such
as God hath giuen mée,
Ile hooke for Nummus to my handes,
and make the Ruddockes flæ
For feare almost into my purse.
Ile leaue my simple gate,
Ile rather frame my selfe to ride
lyke one of high estate.

And

And what? were these but scoffing words?
Yes sure, hée (earnest bent)
Hath so purueyde, that now he hath
euen all for that intent.
And thus you sée with how great care
they séeke t'enrich their store,
You sée the pride that they mayntains
through this excessiue lore.
And (well I wote) none other meanes
of spence at all I sée,
But only such as wicked are:
(if any else there be.)
Wherefore, it séemes they hoorde it vp
and hyde it from the Sunne:
They couer't close, and lock it fast
tyll more thereto be wonne.
They giue small almes as I can beare,
for beggars barcke apace,
And say that they of all men worst
relieue their woefull case:
Their pride is great, and high they loke
for feare of waxing lowe:
Theyle giue no place to any man
where ere they hap to go.
I well recorde a prety tale
alluding to a truthe:
I force not much to tell it you:
Yarke how the same ensuthe:

A Ciuilian, or a Canonist, or both.

Once hapt it (through a fowle mischance)
that great debate did ryse
Betweene a Doctor in the Law
(for so th'example lyes)
And Doctor (else) of Phisick, who
should haue the vpper hande
In each assembly where they met
to walke, to syt or stande.
The Lawyer layed for him selfe
and sayde well to the case,
Phisition dyd full wisely to
and with a goodly grace:
Alledging well (euen both of them)
lyke handsome learned men.
But nought could be agreed vpon.
So fell the matter then,
That they vnto the Pretor would
for to decyde the same.
They made relation of the case
and finely gan it frame.
The Pretor when he heard the dolts
contend about a Straw,
Was sone content to iudge the same,
and askte the man of Law
Who went vnto the Gallowes first,
the Hangman or the Thiefe:
Who formost was of both them two
and which was there the chiefe:

The

The Hangman quoth the Lawyer tho,
for he doth kyll the man:
The Hangman he muſt go before,
the Theefe muſt follow. Than
Quoth Pretor harke. This is my minde
and iudgement in the caſe.
Phiſition he muſt go before,
and Lawyer giue him place.
Well by then (quoth Bertulph) by your tale Bertulph.
Phiſitions men do kyll.
And Lawyers liue by robbing men,
and ſo their Cofers fyll.
Whereby with pride embolſte they ſwell,
and whereby (raging) they
T'aduaunce themſelues to honors type
vnlawfull meanes aſſay.
Yea ſure (quoth Paule) and ſo they do Paule.
a number of them now.
But as for our Phiſitions,
their cunning knoweth how
Aſwell to kyll, as to parloyne: Such are the cuyll ſort.
they are expert in all.
And force not (ſo that Nummus come)
which way their ſtaffe do fall.
One hath a Potion for to ſerue A Potion to cure all kinde of diſeaſes and griefes.
and cure eche kinde of griefe,
Yéle ſell a quart for fortie pence.
This fellow is the chiefe

And

And fineſt chylde in caſting of
mens waters when they nede.
Yele byd the healthy get him home
and make his Wyll with ſpede.
Although he liue from that tyme long,
without all kinde of paine.
Yele make him doubt and dread his life,
and all for filthy gaine.
‡He wyll perſwade that men haue lyu'de
in whordome and exceſſe,
Where neuer raigned fond affect,
and whoredome much the leſſe.
Another is ſo Doltyke ſcene
and learnedly beguylde,
That when he ſeeth your vrine, he
wyll ſay you be with childe
Although you be a man: for ſure
but littie mittie he
And ſo full many of them play,
ſo Bullardlike they be.
O Paule, quoth Bertulph, giue me leaue
to interrupt you here.
For by your patience, yle requite
the tale you tolde whyle ere.
Content quoth Paule (and with good wyll)
I am right well apayde
To heare thy tale: my talke ſhall ceaſe
tyll thou thy minde haue ſayde.

‡Carnificis potius Medici quàm nomine digemus.

There dwelt (somtime) where I was borne Bertulph.
a perfite cunning man,
A good Phisition well beseene:
and so it happed than,
That he should ryde abroade to see
a Patient of his.
He had a man that roade with him
(a holy Knaue ywis.)
The Doctor drawe his Horse apace
and roade with mery cheere.
He longed sore to see the place
where Numinus should appeere.
But as he pricked forth in haste,
by chaunce he did espie
A sort of Felons in a Carte
adiudged there to die.
And musing what ỹ preasse should meane,
he sent his man with speede.
To knowe the cause of all the crowde:
his man performde the deede.
And posting, sone he did perceyue
the Theeues to hanging preest.
He turnd his Horse at sight thereof:
To flye, he thought it best.
And so he dyd with sturdie pace,
He gallopt on his way.
And as a man halfe skarde, he fled
as nought might make him stay.

His

His Maister lowdly askte the cause
why he dyd ryde so fast.
O Maister saue your selfe (quoth he)
I vize you make good haste.
The Doctor swallowde vp with feare,
spurde Cut and made away.
And tyll he came within a myle,
his Horse did neuer stay.
But when hee came vnto himselfe,
he called backe his man
And him demaunding cause of griefe,
the fellowe thus began.
O Maister, thanke we God (quoth he)
for this our good escape:
Else surely had we swinged both
within an hempen Tape.
For yonder, where the preasle was so,
I sawe three handsome men
Which for the death of only one,
were to be hanged then.
But when I sawe that they (for one)
were all adiudgde to dye,
No neede to byd mee haste me thence,
no neede to byd mee flye:
For well I wyst, if you were seene
which haue a number slaine,
You should haue bene trust vp in haste
and neare returnde againe.

The

The Doctor being thus informde,
knew not what best to say.
He thought as chyldish him to take
and lightly him to way.
Wyse man you are no doubt, (quoth he)
the Vicar of saint Fooles
Go shriue you: for you haue bene taught
in some well learned schooles.
Shrewde foole quoth Paule, I warrãt you, Paule.
but fooles and chyldren oft
Doo tell the truth: for all men know
their tongues are very soft.
But well, no doubte, yet some there be
in London (whome I know)
That both do gette syr Nummus well,
and well the same bestowe.
That leade no doubt a vertuous lyfe,
and lyue in Godly feare:
That goodes to get by meanes peruerse
at all times wyll forbeare.
Of those I haue not talcked here,
nor of the honest sort.
But such as (galled) seeme to kicke,
herein I doo exhort
To keepe their patience when they see
their faults reproued heere:
For sure I am that in my tale
gainst good doth nought appeere.

And

And so I leaue them to the Lorde,
and bid them all adue.
My tongue in order must recorde
such things as do ensue.

Finis.

The fourth Satyr.

Apothecaries & Surgions. Paule.

THe Apothecarie here I leaue,
which so for Nummus tugges,
That be ỹ people noyes with pelfe,
and filthy stincking drugges.
So let I passe the Surgeon,
who with his sowle deceyte,
Doth hooke syr Nummus to his handes
and takes him at receyte.
The pelting patches will presume
to practise Phisick, and
Will minister lyke learned men
in places of the Land.
Let go such Squibs: I know them not.
Yet people do complaine:
And well I wote, they vse such wayes
for meare intent to gaine.
A rablement of raskall Roges
as if weeld harrow hell,
I thinke we should not finde the lyke
in Plutoes house to dwell.

But

But let them packe, Ile passe them ore.
Perhaps there many be
Both honest, good, and expert men.
they shall goe by for me.
And now ple turne me to my tale,
and (as my course doth tende)
To euyll sort of Marchaunt men — Marchants men.
the sequele wyll I bende.
Lets see (I praye) howe they turmoyle
and fire their whole intent
To catche fyr Nummus by the coate.
Let's see how they be bent
And sole addicted vnto gaine.
One runnes me to the Indes.
To Gynnie, Spaine, and Calecut: — Not the deede but the intent is to be mislyked.
where he such chaffare findes,
As (there although it cost him small)
wyll bring him here a pounder
Yea, ten perhaps, or else they lye
which in such welth abounde.
Another skuds me ore the Seas,
and fully fraught with toyes,
Ye brings them into London, where
a lengthe he welth enioyes.
The people are so fondly bent,
theyle chaunge their Cheese for chalck.
And for such pelting pieuish trashe,
theyle let good chaffare walck.

Pueros puerilia decent.

O foolishe, fonde and doltishe momes,
oh men deuoyde of wit,
O Capons cramde with barly corne:
howe farre are stones vnfit
For such pyld palting pieuish Cockes:
howe ill besowde is welth
On such new fangled fondish folkes
which chaunge the same for pelth:
One bringes me ore a painted Pzielt,
another bringes a Nunne,
And shops are fraught with toyes, where-
are English people wonne. (with
Another grounded well in wealth,
(acquainted with the guyse)
Doth bring vs in such daynties, as
the man can best deuise.
Some else there be, and many such
(chiefe Parchaunts in the Towne)
That for our Peacocks plumes do bring
and sticks the streame adowne:
They knowe the Lawes do lymit where,
and what such should be worne,
And they such Lawes to execute,
haue eftsones office borne.
And yet for that their gaine is such
and wealth so great therby,
They must forbeare, and wincking walk.
The Lawes must lawlesse lye:

A Foole will not giue his bable for the Tower of London.

And

And Harlets vaunt about the ſtreate,
lyke men of high eſtate:
Their Hoſen ſtrouting forth with ſilcke,
and plumes vpon their pate.
The Raſkalles now muſt roame abroads
lyke men of honeſt port:
And Strumpets ſtately in attire
lyke Ladies muſt reſort
To places where them ſelues thinke beſt
without all kinde of doubt:
They cuſtomde are about the Townes
and ſhall be borne out.
It ſæmeth ſo vndoubtedly:
for nothing is amended.
Although the Lawes haue ſharply ſet
and puniſhment extended.
Nowe, other ſome vagaries feteh
abroade I wote ner where,
And they bring in moſt pleaſaunt ſpice
with Hops and other geare:
These make fine mouthed Gentlemen.
For who but Marchaunts now?
Who wallow more in wealth than they
lyke pæres I wote ner how?
Yea, who are they but Marchauntmen
that haue the coſtly fare?
Who now in banquets with theſe men
are able to compare?

Such as bring them in for intent aforeſayde are to be blamed.

I ſpeake not of the trade but of the corruption of

the trade & abuse of the same.

For such straunge store of diuers meates
and dishes finely wrought:
Who hath the lyke: no man besides.
Welnigh it costes them nought.
They sell so deare and take such gaine,
that well they may afforde
To set fine Marchpanes and such lyke
vpon their seruaunts borde.
Thus may we see these kinde of men
how they for Nummus prodde:
A man would thinke that sothly they
take Nummus for a Godde.
They labor so with might and maine,
they so besturre their stumpes.
They exercise such arkward wayes
to bring it in by lumps.
They scratch, they scrape, they mise, they muse
at night when they should rest.
They searche their senses and bethinke
howe to obteyne it best.
And ah alas, some do deuise
to let it out for gaine:
Such gaine as at the length will bring
to them infernall paine.
And (not content with folwle deceyt
that they in sale do vse)
Some of them do in lone alas
their countrymen abuse.

Although they haue money in such price, yet euyll gotten goodes shall be ill spent.

Let

Let Preachers crye and tell them onk,
but nothing will preuayle:
They flocke, they floute, and ieſt at it.
They bid them kiſſe their tayle.
They haue no ſhame, but (braſen falde)
they ſtick not it to call
A gainefome Occupation.
And ſo the people falt
From honeſt ſtate, to plaine banckrowts
through ſuch their Machiuiſh wayes.
The Commons neare were ſo oppreſt
as in theſe wofull dayes.
They hoke, they hawke for Nummus ſo,
they cogge, they foyſt and powle,
They lay ſuch ſnares by broking meanes,
that thus they Nummus towle.
A thouſande meanes ſiniſtre, they
account and call exchaunge,
Although thereby be men vndone:
the caſe is verie ſtraunge.
And wofull tys no doubt to ſée
how lightly they do way
Th'accompt which muſt be made by them
to God another day.
They are right wiſe in worldly wytte:
ſurpaſſing is their braine.
But oh, they do applie the ſame
to nothing elſe but gaine.

Lamentable caſe.

And when they haue, how is it spent?
Attende a whyle, and you
Shall haue it layde before your eyes
and set vnto the vew.
This day, my Lorde his speciall friende
must dyne with him (no naye)
His Partners, Friendes and Aldermen:
wherefore he must purueye
Both Capon, Swan, and Pernshoe good,
fat Bittore, Larcke and Quayle:
Right Plouer, Snype, and Woodcock fine
with Curlew, Wype and Rayle:
Stonechats, Teale, and Pecteales good,
with Bustard fat and plum,
Fat Pheasaunt Powt, and Plouer base
for them that after come.
Stent, Stockard, Stampine, Mãterueale,
and Wigeon of the best:
Puyt, Partrich, Blackbirde and
fat Shoueler with the rest.
Two Warrants eke he must prouide
to haue some Venson fat,
And meanes heere make for red Deere too,
(there is no nay of that.)
And needefully he must prouide
(although we speake not out)
Both Peacock, Crane, and Turkicock,
and (as such men are wont.)

Ye

He muſt foreſee that he ne lacke
colde bakemeates in the ende:
With Cuſtards, Tarts, and Florentines,
the bancquet to amende.
And (to be ſhort and knit it vp)
he muſt not wanting ſée
Straunge kindes of fyſh at ſecond courſe
to come in their degrée.
As Porpeſſe, Seale and Salmond good
with Sturgeon of the beſt
And Turbot, Lobſter, with the lyke
to furniſh out the feaſt.
All this theyle haue, and elſe much more,
ſydes Marchpane and gréene Chéeſe,
Stewde wardens, Prunes, & ſwéete conſerues
with ſpiced Wine like Lées. (bread.
Gréeneginger, Sucket, Suger Plate,
and Marmaladie fine:
Blaunchd Almonds, Peares and Ginger
But Peares ſhould we aſſigne
And place before (as méete it is)
at great mens boordes; for why,
Rawe fruites are firſt in ſeruice ſtyll,
Elſe Seruing men do lye.
But now me thinkes, one quips me vp
and ſpurs a queſtion héere.
He ſayes (forſoth) that I miſlike
to haue men kéepe good chéere.

In dæde, the ſtomack ouerchardgde
and man full gorgde with meate,
Doth make the minde and inwarde man
vnfit for reaſons ſeate.
For chaunge no doubt annoyes the man,
and meate not well indewde,
Doth make the ſame ſcant halfe a man
if reaſon be renewde.
And what of this? ſhoulde this reformde,
houſe keeping now depell?
No ſure, for hoſpitalitie
becomth them very well.
But that this chéere is alway ſuch',
I plainely do deny.
Some feaſt great men for frendſhip ſake,
and let the powre go by.
They rather dwt to oppreſſe the powre,
and by ſuch friendſhip got,
The powre haue nought within their hands
which they get to them not.
For what through frendſhip welth e force
no one enioyes the thing.
That (if they lyke) ſome will not ſwne
into their clouches bring.
But gwds yll gote, are euyll ſpent.
And howe can they beſtowe
Their welth on powre and Preachers true
Which through deceyt did growe?

No

Churchyarde

No fie, t'were ſhame and foule reprochs
t'aue beggers at their borde:
An't ſæmes (ſome think) all yll beſtowde
that's ſpent t'encreaſe Gods worde.
For (worſe then this) ſome cannot byde
t'aue beggers at their gate,
Nor not repine when Preachers lyue
in meane and ſimple ſtate.
O Labirinths of lothſome luſt,
O bellish humane harts,
O beaſtly belching bely gods
that thus their ſtore conuarts:
O lumpiſhe Luskes, that lieffer had
to haue of Wiands ſtore:
To winne the Kytchman, then to fæde
the begger at their bore.
O ſtony harts, that more eſtéeme
a Monckey tyde with chaine,
Then their poore brother, for whoſe ſake
Chriſte Jeſus ſuffered paine.
O wicked Wights of wanuiſh kinde,
which ſo the Lambes deuowre,
And crăckly cram themſelues with ſpoyle
of nædy ſoules each howre.
And (more then this:) for how doth walck
Sir Nummus day by daye?
How trudgeth it to buy the Wife
and Daughter fine arraye?

They must not go as other do.
Wherefore, they must deuise
To haue them knowne from cõmon sort
by some newfangled guise.
T'is méete therefore, as they do not
with courtlyke Dames compare,
Euen so they should from townish wiues
their garments new repaire.
And so (forsooth) his wife must haue
prepared out of hand,
Gaye garments of the finest stuffe
that is within the land.
She must haue Partlet, Square & Lace,
with Chaine about hir neck:
She must haue costly kinde of chaunge,
and all thinges at hir beck.
Hir Daughter also must be clad
well lyke a Ladies fére,
And all to walcke about the streate
with hir true Loues déere.
What tho? Forsooth, she must not wed
but with some wealthie man,
And one that must be grounded rych,
though honest when he can.
And thus I say (allwell t'is séene)
fayre Parnell must be prancke
And walcke at will: whereby it haps
oft tymes that she is banckte.

And

And all through meanes euen of their Sire
which so consumes his good,
And ioyes therein, more then to giue
the hungrie wretch his foode.
Chaunce some men see good déedes they do.
But in good soth not I
(Though many naught) can vnderstand.
T'were sinne on them to lye.
And nowe, as some you see to scrape
by vyle sinistre wayes:
So may you see them spend as yll
in these our later dayes.
I meane for so much as they spend.
But well haue we to weete,
Their hoording and their Checking vp
is all as farre vnmeete
As this their spence and filthy trade,
as this their prowling guise,
As this their building all for gaine
and profite to aryse:
As this their hatefull vyle contempt
of poore and needy Wights:
As this their robbing and their stealth.
As these their sinfull slights.
The poore complaine and wanting, crye
through hunger halfe forepinde:
And some through want, about them haue
their fainting breath resignd.

And

And yet their Cofers farced lye.
Their Bags are filde at full.
But wote you what? it is reseru'de
For Tib his pretie Trull,
And Dick his Boy that dappart ladde:
which for his sake, perchaunce
Euen both of them, when he is gone,
wyll make syr Nummus daunce.
But alwayes this is not the cause
of such their spitefull hoord.
For certs I thinke they neuer looke
at all to come aboord
In crooked Charons vgly Boate:
Or else perhaps they thinke
(As long they haue) the Pope shall purge
and saue them all for chinke.
And in the meane time weene they best
to couer't close and fine,
And bring more toot, t'encrease the heape.
This iudgement is of mine.
Else thinges amisse, before exprest,
should nere so yll remaine,
But soone they would reforme them well
and make them streight againe.
Which so to do, God graunt them grace,
And clense their fylthie mindes:
That Auarice maye once decay
which so their body bindes,

And

And subiect makes to vyle deuise,
to Vsurie and deceate,
That naught they are, and wyll perish,
tyll grace do blow retreate.
I ende with them: protesting styll,
I touch no good man heere,
But such as through these words of mine
shall wrathfull bent appeere.
For sure I am that many iust,
and men vpright remaine,
Exempted from this talke of mine.
Who neuer yet with staine
Or spot of beastly Vsurie
or vile notorious vice,
Were once corrupted or infect.
which are discrete and wise.
And (truth it is) they nill disdaine
at this troth telling tale.
And for the rest, let them adue,
my tongue must further vale.

Finis.

The fift Satyr.

IT is straūge to see what small account
men nowe a dayes do make:
How slightly they let slip the paine
of Brimstone burning lake.

Howe

How fondly they perſwade them ſelues
(at leaſt how they ſuppoſe)
That grieſly death ſhall neuer ſtrike.
That eyne ſhall neuer cloſe.
O ſottiſh ſinfull brittle age.
O mad and blockiſh Wome.
O doltiſh fole, and wilfull wretch
that here doſt hope for home
And dwelling aye vnto thy ſelfe.
Howe art thou wilfull blinde?
I tell thee, I, thou hence ſhalt flit
lyke duſt blowne forth with winde.
Let wearish wimpled age growe on:
let head be hoarie white,
And olde be thou: yet at the laſt
blackwinged death ſhall ſmite.
But what is he can promiſe heere
him ſelfe to liue a day?
No doubt not one. Death vnawares
ſhall take our life away.
And when we thinke vs ſureſt, then
moſt often doth he ſtrike.
O then why do we lyngre on
to ſleepie ſluggerds lyke?
O, why ſhould men thus mucker vp
ſuch falſely gotten gaine?
Or why ſhould they by wicked wayes
ſeeke wealth for to obtaine?

But

But soft a while, what neede these words? as good to holde my peace:
For loe how Banckrowts ginne for gaine to put them selues in prease.
Shall fraude lye bid vnfriended now? Shall folwle Deceyt be gone?
Shall Wylie want? No, harcke a while, and you shall heare anon.
Some men there be that beare a porte, and line lyke to the best.
That feast, y flow, that chop, that chaũge, and practise with the rest.
That Office beare, and worthy seeme through welth to weelde the charge.
That saue, that spende, & bargaines make, that kepe their trade at large.
That warie worke, and winde to them good credite in the ende.
That get such friendes as will not stick a thousand pound to lende.
Oft more oft lesse: almost as much as they can well demaunde.
For why, their credite now is such, that they may men commaunde.
But what of this? Euen this forsoth. Theyle shut vp doore anon,
Theyle giue vp office, trade and all: farewell, they will be gone.

Banckrowtes.

I haue made a difference betweene the swilfull and the cõtrarie.

When

When they haue gote the most they can,
they wyll become banckrowte,
They wyll no longer stycked be
amongst the honest rowte.
They can no longer byde the trade
which honest men do vse.
They keepe at home amongst their bags:
Theyle honestly refuse.
Theyle lurking lye lyke Theeke in denne,
lyke Drane vpon the spoyle.
Theyle grease their lips, & fat their paũch,
with honest Marchaunts toyle.
O greyzie dregges of dampishe caue,
O fowle infernall fiendes,
O tryple stinged Vipers brode,
O hagges of hellishe mindes.
O Cyclops such as styll deuoure
the shæpe of forreine foldes,
O brockish beastes with rauine gorgde:
that lurcke within their holdes.
Shall vnskie drosse of Dytis caue
venie infecting death?
Shall Orcus spare with skalding scorch
to noye their vitall breath?
No sure, the pitchie burning pit,
and Limboes flaming Lake
Shall yolpe them vp, except they yelde
the goodes which they did take.

Or

Or else to powre requite the same,
But this they never thinck:
For marck how they do still bestowe
this beastly gotten chinck.
And here I must advertise you
that some besides there be
Which oft by meanes becom banckrowte
(as dayly we may see.)
For some exceede and so abounde
in Epicureous fare,
That so at length they banckrowte be
and bring them selves full bare.
And othersome through great excesse
and prowde surpassing charge,
In braue arraye do bring them selues
into Cock lorels Barge.
When ere sawe you their Dames so nice,
and wives so richly clad?
When wist you Women ere so prounde,
or Husbandes ere so mad?
O where are Matrones now become?
O where are Husbands grane?
Where are ỳ Wives that toke such care
their honesty to saue?
Would Matrones walcke or Wiues dis-
with syluer shining browes (creet
From streat to streat? no, rather they
would kepe within their howse.

Mould

Would Matrons skud to common games
and prancke in earie prease?
No, tys to vyle, I loath to tell.
Ile therefore holde my peace.
Tys this, tys this, ỳ Banckrowts breede.
This brings the wife yll name.
The husband thus is bare through spence,
and wife naught by the same.
And nowe you see a difference
twixte him that banckrowke is
Of vyle intent, and him that failes
through great excesse of his.
But both of these perhaps a lyke
by fraude haue Nummus gote,
Though both in care and wanting pine
syng not lyke dolefull note.
And nowe, (as to my promise made
at fyrst when I began)
Fooles and Roysters. Ile place fyve Nummus caught by Fooles and Roysters now and than.
A wise man dyes, and wealthy leaues
his sonne in goodes and lands.
The young man (when he is of age)
takes all into his handes.
And streight to Court, or Innes of Court,
he goes to leade his lyfe)
Where franck he is, and youthfull bent
for why, haas Nummus ryfe.

Or else, if not: So he han lande
or ought that's Money worth,
Ye shall not want of Marchauntmen
fine sticks to set him forth.
Nor Money will they stick at all
to lende him at his nede.
As long as ought he doth possesse,
theyle neuer cease to fede
My yonker and yong Maister so.
And he (when once he sees
The bridle layde vpon his necke)
is loath much time to leese.
For why, he wisht it long before:
And sith he doth espie
The matter wholy in his handes,
why should he longer lye
Lyke blunt John Whoball all at home?
No fie, dele haste him now.
Both lybertie and Chinck ynough
himselfe he will allow.
And streightway (else the world is hard)
Ye mates with Copesmates, such
As to exalt and set him forth,
at all will nothing grutch.
And de forsoth must foremost be
in euery braue attempt.
Who eare be one, yong Maister must
at no time be exempt.

Heele be the chiefe within the Walks
and chiefe in banquet: he
Shall syt exalted to the Sume,
Euen to the tenth degree.
And now and then (else scapes he well)
heele haue a spyzt at Dice.
He wantes no mates to bring him to't
by slight and fine deuice.
He must haue walkinges in the night:
he must be braue and fine,
He must be of the hoygh no doubt.
He neuer must repine
Although it be to sit it oute
all night in costly game.
And (moze then this) he must not stick
to paye foz all the same.
And when he seemely seemeth once,
and thinks well of himselfe,
Then, then no doubt he is stird vp
to spende this noysome pelfe.
And then (I saye) with posting speede
he must be gaylie dect
In colours of his Ladie, and
therein not ought neglect
That's incident to euery sute:
Of chaunge he must haue stoze,
And frame himselfe full featly then
to euery lusty loze.

And

And doubtleſſe then he is ſo drowndē
in pleaſure and in pryde,
That nought at all may him withdrawe:
It hath bene often tride.
Yea, though at length he fæle great ſmart
through that he made away:
Yet is his minde ſo hawtie then,
that he can make no ſtay.
For wote you what, vſe cuſtome brings,
and youngker thus doth ſay:
Shall I make ſpare whyle ought is left
and ſo lyue wanting? Naye,
It were a ſhame and great reproche,
if I that euer haue
As yet lyu'de lyke a Gentleman,
ſhould now lyue like a ſlaue.
And ſo my chylde no chaungling is,
tyll all be ſpent and gone:
And till his mates him nædie leaue
and comfortleſſe alone.
From which time forth if ought he haue,
whereof may Nummus ryſe:
Ye will lyue ſhifting til't be gone.
Then forth of Towne he flyes
And kæpes the high way ſide (perchaunce)
to lyue by theft and ſpoyle:
Till Tyborne twitch him by the neck
and Hangman giue the foyle.

So that's the ende of all his wealth
and ending of the man.
But gods perhaps were euill gote:
and who can marualle than
Though that the same were all consumde
in filthy vaine exspence?
And who will doubt that gallowes should
such Dingthrifts recompence?
But one thing I do here lament
and tys most wicked sure,
Tys noysome, vyle and beastly trade,
yet most of all in vre.
A Gentleman his childe doth sende
t'apply his studies here,
With hope to haue him do the same
as daylie doth appere.
The youth oft tymes declyneth streight
as apt to youthly guise:
And sets his minde to make him braue
with all he may deuise.
The Citizen when that he sées
the bruite so brauely bent,
Doth closely search the yong mans state,
and learnes the whole extent
Of all his possibilitie,
which knowne, he will not spare
For friendship sake vnto the same
of loane to let his ware.

The

The yong man hauing welth at wyll
and all thinges at requeſt,
Byds boke adue, and cuts it out
as brauelie as the beſt.
How vyle this is, let all men iudge.
how oft it comes to paſſe,
The yongmen brought to naught therby,
are witneſſes alas.
Oh, where is loue or feare of God?
Wher's faith for to be found?
Wher's friendſhip, truth and honeſtie?
Where doth not Fame reſound
The beaſtly prankes of wicked men?
Wher's one that thinks of God?
Wher's one that doubts or feareth ought
the ſharpneſſe of his rod?
How few be there that tread the pathes
or trace Dame vertues ſteps?
How many rather be there now
that quite from vertue leps?
O wofull caſe: the beſt almoſt
do much account it now
If they from vile notorious faultes
at any time do bow.
How talke our tatlers of the truth
and Scripture ſtill diſcuſſe?
How lyue they quite contraris yet
for all their talking thus?

How earnest bent are men as now
to heare the woꝛde of God:
(I meane pꝛofessoꝛs of the trueth.)
How farre yet liue they od:
They crie Lord Lord, and God be pꝛaysde
but streight within an howꝛe,
That heate of theirs is colde as stone.
Such heate hath made them sowꝛe.
O thou good God and Father kinde:
were not thy mercies great,
Thou wouldst destroy these men with fire
from thy supernall seat.
O heauenlie Pꝛince of glozie: and
O thou alone Iehoue,
Thou God of grace, oh louing Chꝛist,
yond whome we can not roaue
Oꝛ raunge aright: yond whome no man
can perfite blisse attaine:
Thou only one, and all in one,
yond whome doth nought remaine:
Giue grace vnto thy wandꝛing shæpe.
Fetch home the same againe,
Sith blod of thine hath them redæmde
from sharpe infernall paine.
Graunt graunt (O God) thy holy spꝛæte
to guide, defend and kæpe
All such as in most lothsome sinne,
are yet not faine a slæpe.

Saue thine elect from noysome trade
of worldly minded men:
Let not the custome of the worlde
their lyse with vices blen.
From place to place, from streat to streat,
from house to house, alas:
Yea, and well nigh from man to man
doth sinfull lyuing passe.
Not words preuaile, nor preaching ought,
can turne the peoples harts:
No kinde of thing can moue their minds.
O, death is their desarts,
O, Hell their hire, and burning flame,
is guerdon of their dedes:
No one almost in hart doth beare
the true repentaunt sedes.
O, horror doth possesse my heade,
And whyle through towne I trace,
Depe-cutting cares annoy my hart.
to see such want of grace.
No sparckle, iote or small remaine,
no signe of godly feare,
No badge at all of christen men
doth any person weare
Or kepe almost throughout the Towne.
O, what a case is this,
Not one to finde that feareth God,
but all to do amisse?

And all to wander from good lyfe
(full few alas exempt)
And all to worke that wicked is
and beastly vile attempt:
O God, howe often do I wishe
to be deuided cleane
From all the dealings in the worlde,
and to God only leane:
How often do I seeke some trade,
and solitarie lyfe.
How fayne would I depart the place
where sinnes be now so ryfe.
The worlde doth tempt, & nought remains
in his due practise now:
Eche kinde of trade corrupted is,
alas, I know not how.
Nothing almost is exercisde
without some vile deceyt:
Fraude, falsehood, theft and pilfring, oft
in matters are of weyght.
The worldlings weene & thinke no doubt
there is none other place
But ground and graue, and so they runne
and keepe their wonted race.
What helpen teares or wayling grieke:
what ought at all preuayles
Gods worde sincere: They keepe theyr
they haue set vp theyr sayles (course:

Of deadly ſinnes and hatefull helliſh lyfe.
They runne and will not ſtay.
They keepe themſelues in darkſom holes.
They hate to ſee the day.
Looke looke throughout their dealings all,
and you ſhall nothing finde
But couen, craft, and filthy loze.
They haue good lyfe reſignde.
Lets ſift & ſearche our ſelues throughout.
Lets rippe our inwarde man:
Let's way our ſelues euē with our ſelues.
And we ſhall ſee vs than,
And finde our ſelues but drooſſe and death
and foule infected Swine.
Moſt vgſome ſhapes, and creatures, ſuch
as I can not define,
What faith in bargaines can be found?
What ſtoze of othes muſt bee
In eche compact? And yet in ende
what falſehod do we ſee?
Not Marchaunt vſeth onely fraude:
noz men of greateſt meede,
But eche one now that bargaine makes,
hath falſehod in his deede.
How oft and daylie haps it now
that chyldzen do begin
Where Parents ended, and do ende
where Parents did begin?

The

The parents beggers first began,
They ende great men of wealth.
The sonne begins a welthy man:
and endes his lyfe by stealth,
Or wofull wanting simple state.
How oft comes this to passe?
Tys daylie scene of common course,
it happeth still alas.
Shall welth that's wonne by fraude, be
shall riches such descende (kept?
From heire to heire? No no, such welth
shall quickly haue an ende.
It cannot bide, nor prosper well.
But who doth that regarde?
Who yet for welth most vyle deceyt
at any tyme hath sparde?
No one well nighe: (the world is such.)
And here doth come to minde
The passing pride in common sort
which now eche where we finde.
Such is their rage, and fowle affect,
that though their bellies want:
Their backs must brauely clothed be:
apparell nothing scant.
For what cause else they do reserue
eche where the Saboth day,
But for to iette about the streates
in passing braue array?

The

The welthy sort excéede their state,
and meane degrée the same:
The common sort wyll do the lyke.
So all goes out of frame:
And Roysters ruffle all about
and tosse the Bylbow blade,
And to maintaine such vyle excesse,
beholde what shifts be made?
Such cogging, foysting, cossening:
such fylching, theft and guile:
Such pelting, pylfring, pieuish drifts,
as are almost to vyle
And beastly to be named once.
Ile therefore silent bée:
For sure I am such lyfe of theirs
all men may plainly sée.
Ther's brothel baytes, & whoring dēnes:
Ther's lurcking strumpets lodge:
Ther's stuffe eche where for lusty Swash
for Simkin, Dick, and Hodge.
Looke looke the Lanes about the Towne,
and search eche corner through:
And you shall finde I doubt not I
of broken ware ynough:
Corrupt at least much seemes to be:
so brightly shine the browes,
So prickt & pranckt, so lyckt and trimde
is Banckrowtes pretie spowse.

Search

Search Tauernes through, and typling
eche Saboth day at morne: (bowzes,
And you shall thinke this geare to be
ene too too much forborne.
Take care a whyle to vew the Skowtes,
and wanton walking trulles:
And you shall see howe suffraunce nowe
god lyfe awayward pulles.
What should I saye? Marke eche where
and you shall vnderstande (well,
And plainely see how sinne is sparde
and cloked vnder hande.

Beare bayting on the Saboth day.

What else but gaine and Money gots
maintaines each Saboth day
The bayting of the Beare and Bull?
What brings this brutish play?
What is the cause that it is borne,
and not controlled ought,
Although the same of custome be,
on holy Saboth wrought?
Now sure I thinke tys gaine or spite,
gainst god and godly lyfe:
It semes it is t'ynuegle men,
whyles Gods worde is so ryfe:
I cannot any where perceyue
where gaine is gotten well:
I can not see where well tys spent.
I thinke no man can tell

Or iuſtlie ſaye, here goeth one
(for moſt part now I meane)
That iuſtly lyues and leades his lyfe:
that doth to vertue leane.
But well, to God I leaue this geare,
I haue bene ſomewhat long:
Ile turne my tale to other talke:
Ile ſing ſome other ſong.

Finis.

The ſyxt Satyr.

WHat think you (Bertulph) of this place (this Church of Powles I meane) Powles Church abuſed.
How thinke you of th'abuſes here,
In talke and tales vncleane,
In fearefull oathes and vile compacts,
in vaine expence of winde,
In vilely ſpending tyme therein,
in ydle chat to finde
When occupyde at prayer time,
and other tymes vnmete,
In toyes, and diuers noyſome trades:
(As thou thy ſelfe doſt weete.)
And ſoothly tell mee, what thou deemſt,
and how it ſeemes to thee.
In place reſeru'de to heare Gods worde,
ſuch Chaos vyle to ſee:

Bertulph. Of truth, to shew my minde therin
(at least what I haue sæne)
The tyme (as now) will not permit:
tys to farre spent I wæne.
Againe, sith you haue well begonne
of Nummus to intreate,
T'were pitie (sure) that want of tyme
should let you to repeate
Such things againe with briefe discourse,
of well proposed Theame:
Returne therfore, and make some ende
of this thy faithfull dreame.
And I at else appointed time
(for time it doth demaunde)
Will nothing fayle, in eche respect,
wherein you shall commaunde.

Paule. Well, well (quoth Paule) so shall it be.
Ile ende my tale begonne.
Ile not be long: giue silent eare,
the same shall sone be donne.
And now, besides the great abuse
that I whileare did name,
Vere in this Temple (day by daye)
themselues do likewise frame

Gentlemē. A number of our forraine Færes
and men of grounded welth,
Our lawtie countrey Gentlemen
to wyn this noysome pelth.

The

The fertile soyle that soyson bringes
of goodly sheaued graine,
The Medow ground that plenty yéldes
of Haye through little paine,
And rankly springing pasture, which
doth fat the fleesed sheepe,
Will not suffice their greedy mindes,
nor them contented keepe.
Not gaine inough by gainsome trade,
to them will now arise,
Nor welth inough can quench their thirst:
tho much will not suffise
Or stay their lust: styll lust they more.
Not highly raysed rents
Not lofty fines can humors purge,
nor extreame whole extents
Can fyll their hungrie gaping gulles,
nor staunch their folwle desire.
They are so fell, that more they haue,
the more they do require.
Their Graūdsires great, of lōg time since,
their Auncestors of yore,
With sole reuenewes of their lands,
haue maintainde euermore
Right worthy portes, forgetting nought
the stay of their good name:
Well gote they welth, in bountie, and
well spent they still the same.

They

They neuer (moſt of them I meane)
encrocht on neighbors ground,
Nor ere incloſde vniuſtly ought,
They lyu'd within the bound
Of Charitie and reaſons lawe,
contented with their owne.
They ſedde within their Meare ſtill:
fowle fraude was then vnknowne.
At leaſt the fraude that's nowe in vſe.
They neare enhaunſt their rentes,
Nor found ſuch beaſtly practiſes
as this vyle age inuents.
Their own ſuffiſde: they ſought no more,
they lyu'de well of the ſame:
Yet lyu'de they not vnto themſelues,
as their ſucceſſors frame.
They well could byde that beggers ſhould
haue comfort at their gate:
They were cõtent, though that they dwelt
by men of meane eſtate.
But now not ſo. That Age is ſpent,
and Charitie withall:
Theſe men are not contented now:
to ſpoyle eche one doth fall.
They racking ſtretch their liuing ſo:
ſuch wouliſh wayes they frame,
That through fine force, & pilfring ſhifts,
twiſe doubled are the ſame.

And

And double twise decayed yet
housekeping is no doubt.
They liue lyke Nilers to them selues.
Their neighbours rounde about
Of power estate may not approche
nor come within their gates:
Sometimes perhaps for fashion sake
they doe inuite their Mates,
And such as doe the lyke to them:
or else by whome doth ryse
Some hope of gayne or getting ought.
And thus their bountie lyes.
But this not all: for wote you what?
They shame not now to say
That beggers doe deuoure them vp,
that they no longer maye
Be able to keepe ope their doores,
nor housekeping maintaine.
Perhaps they lie some other trade
where lyes some greater gaine.
And soe they doe, for when they haue
once gotten to their handes
By purchase, fraude, and subtile meane
their needy neighbours landes
About them rounde (whereby of trueth
they come to great decaye)
Then shut they doores & household breake
they turne their men away.

And hither come they tag and ragge:
here must the gaine be had:
Here be their charges verie slight:
yet pelting twise as bad
As eare it was. The Countrie house
is broken vp through charge,
The lands are let, and fines are raysde:
whereby comes in at large
Graund sūmes of Coine: which gottē once
is straight to London brought
To bring increase. (O hellish trade)
and thus the meanes are wrought.
In bancke is layde the mightie Masse:
the gaine whereof may bée
Enough to maintaine them at ease,
Nay thalfe thereof we sée
Doth well suffice: for but one man
or two at most they haue.
And they themselues doe Tables haunt,
and so sir Nummus saue.
And at a meane and slender price,
themselues. their men and all,
Haue meate and drinke euen of the best
well serued at their call:
And with reuenewes of the stock,
right richly are they clad.
And so from thence their brauing state
and all the rest is had.

Vsurers are Caterpillers in a comon wealth

The

The sterke as whole reserues still.
and oft (such is the trade)
That frō the graund stock slowes so much
as petie stockes are made.
And here the caterpillers haunt.
In Powles forsoth they vse
To spende the day to make their mart
and hearken after newes.
Was euer seene such state confusde,
such monstrous kinde of men,
Such vomite, reffize, Dunghill drosse:
what man can tell me when
such watch, such ward, such winking wiles
were euer put in vre
In time to fore, or such foule fraude
sir Nummus to procure:
In faith, and by my sauing health,
full hardly can I finde
A man amongst a number now
of vncorrupted minde,
And such a one as hope of gains
will not procure to sinne.
I think full fewe be lyuing now
whome mede may nothing winne:
Or whome that wealth may neuer winde
from Gods prescribed lawe.
O earth, O sinne, Oh Sathans thralles:
Howe doe we still withdrawe

The grace and loue of God from vs:
O how doe we regarde
Woze, noysome coyne, then helth of soule
oz hope of good rewarde?
I thinke if I could perseuere
one Month in this my tale,
I scantly should the halfe discrie
Of fraude, (foz why) in sale
And eche compact, the sole regarde
of gaine is alway had:
And thirst of stoze, eache where almost
doth make the people mad.
O where are bits to bzing them in,
and lawes to lay their rage?
O where is faith, oz feare of God
in this pzesumptuous age?
Eache one dooth liue as lykes him best,
the lawes doe lye foz gayne.
Besides deceit and vile deuise,
dooth nothing now remaine
Within the harts of English men,
farre fled is all remozse:
All loue of God, all feare of plague,
and Keysers mightie foze.
Papistes. How pzodde our Papistes pziuily?
How doe these men puruaye?
How pzowle the Caytiues now about,
foz Nummus day by daye?

Here

Chur chyarde

Here, in this Church a walck there is
where Papiſtes doe frequent
To talke of newes among themſelues:
and oft the time is ſpent
In glad recounting of their ſtate:
which though not at the beſt,
Yet ioy they ſtill to ſee how men
in ayde thereof be preſt.
And now comes one and cheeres them vp,
he telles them with great ioy,
That Pope and Spaniard ioyned be,
Gods people to annoy.
By ſolempne proteſtation comes
an other by and by
Ye tels how that in Flaunders ſtill,
the Goſpellers doe dye
For ſole profeſſing of the truth:
and with a cheerefull face,
Ye ſhewes how fall the Sheepe are ſlaine,
abroade in eary place.
And what great townes are now beſiegde
and Cities rounde about.
And how Gods worde decayes apace,
euen all the worlde throughout.
Another new fonde fellow comes,
and he beginnes to tell
How Popiſhe Champions landed are,
and Iriſh men rebell.

The Papiſtes walke in Powles.

The walke is in the ſouth Ile.

How holye fathers blessing brought
in Bishops sacred breste,
Hath made the lande before prophane,
nowe holy as the reste.
And how that Stukeley lost his life,
among Barbariens late,
A Marquesse of the Romish marke,
Of too untimely fate:
His part (alas) was yet to play
in places neerer hande.
He ment and bent his forces he,
against the Irish lande.
But what this Marquesse left undone,
Mack Morice he contryu'd:
And hotly gan pursue the charge,
But ah, it never thryu'd.
For Martyrlyke, he lost his head,
a losse (in deede) to wayle:
Sithe holy Father, through this losse,
of his intent doth fayle.
Great Sacks of newes are poured forth
in that same worthy walke.
And knavish knackes are there deuisde
whilst that they stately stalck
About the place lyke honest men,
and subiects true of hart.
From that same place doe rumors rise
Gods truth to overthwart.

Haue you not seene the knacke to knowe knaues by. compiled by many knaues.

From

From that same place doe slaunders come
and vile reprochful lyes
Against Gods word and Preachers true.
From that same corner flyes
Lewde skoffing iestes and taunting tales:
there doe these Rebels coyne
Their suttle drifts and noysome tales.
Yea, there doe they conioyne.
And cleaue like burres with solemne vow
the truth for to resist.
And doubt thers none, for why? I thinke
that they will so persist.
Untill that Sathan snatch them hence,
the Graundsire great of lyes:
And till through want of vitall breath,
they may no more deuise.
What kinde of men be these (I praye) Bertulph.
that thus themselues in vre?
What, are they open foes profest
that by these meanes procure
The slaunder of the certaine truth
and teachers of the same,
Or Ipocrites that coustly
the Gholpell doe diffame?
Once, Bertulph, tys well knowne to thee Paule.
that small restraint there is
For papistes tongues that proudly prate,
(how ere they gabbe amisse.)

They talke from feare of check at large.
But yet of them there bee
That preale amongſt profeſſors true,
and well with them agrée.
For why, their lyuings ſo doe lye,
that but they ſæmed ſuch,
They neuer coulde aſpire ſo high,
nor yet obtaine ſo much
As now they doe. O Ianus Jacks
and double faced Dogs:
O wylie wincking wyzard Wlolues,
O grunting groyning Hogs:
Theſe men (I ſay) forſweare them ſelues
(As periurde Papiſtes do.)
They graunt the Quéene is ſupreme head
and murmure at it to.
But what of that, fine filed heads
well fraught with trim deuiſe
And ciuile ſleights, without remorſe,
ſuche ſcruples count vnwiſe.
And ſo through ſharpe and wylie wits,
And through farre fetching braines,
They mount aloft to honors tipe,
and come by greateſt gaines.
And theſe be they that vnder hande
the trueth do ſtill annoy,
And let the working of the worde
in ſuch as might enioy

The

The sweetest salue of sauing health.
Such lay the lothsome snares,
And when good seede is sowne, forthwith
such men sowe noysome tares.
Yea, such I say (as to my tale)
lay waite by wylie wayes
For Nummus: and to get the same,
are prest at all assayes.
These be supporting purueyors
for Papistes nowe supprest
These ranckly feede the pamperd Swyne
vpstalled in their nest.
These foyson bring, and brokers set
through bend of popishe crew,
And these men foster Balamites
To whome reuenge is dew.
These men are sole abettors of
the cursed Priests of Baall:
And these men shauelings doe suffulse,
which else wolde haue a fall.
Ist meruaile though they cranckly crowe
well lodged in their cage?
With prouen prickt, yst meruaile now,
That thus the Tigars rage?
What neede haue they to yelde thēselues
vnto their lawfull Queene?
For what intent should subiectes they
at any time be seene?

They

They want nothing, no pleasant lodge:
of viands they abounde,
Both Venison, Wine, and finest cates.
almoste that may be founde.
They doe enioy, yea, and such store
as true report doth saye,
That (rather than the poore shoulde haue)
they cast their scraps awaye.
And in good sooth, their welth is such
and dainty fare so ryse,
That worldlings will not blame their wit
to lende such captiue lyfe.
And fooles they were if they woulde not
be persecuted so:
Yea some of them so sore be hurt
that broade they ryde and go.
They walke and wallow at their will:
they hawke and hunt yfere
With such as haue the charge of them:
they quaffe and make good cheere,
Set Cock on hoope, with hoape that once,
a daye shall paye for all:
Meane time they will not die through care
nor from their treason fall.
Bertulph. Why Pawle (quoth Bertulph) mercy will
perhaps so pierce their hart,
That through the mercye of the Prince
they will to trueth conuart.

Nay Bertulph, tys so farre that they — Paule.
with mercye shoulde be wonne,
That vauntingly they braggo and saye
bounde dutie will haue done
All that is done: and (thus) they crake
that if the Quenne by lawe
Or conscience coulde them gyltie dampne,
she woulde not stande in awe
To send them to their downe: nor to
restraine their tongues so lowse.
Thus bleate the Popish Balamites,
thus creakes the Romishe gowse.
And what, should mercie here be shewde,
or can the same prevaile?
No no, as long as mercy is,
their tongues shall neuer quaile,
Nor harts obdured once relent:
nor common state be sounde.
For how can gentle salue doe good
or cure the festred wounde?
How can the body be in health,
that is with Viles infect?
Or Tree sprig well that hath dead sprayes — I meane those of the only that here bene distained with the blonde of the Lordes Saintes.
vnlesse you doe reject
The braunches of? What man so mad
will shewe himselfe to bee,
As ought to hope for leaues or fruite
to come from rotten Tree?

How

Newes out of Powles

How can the state of Christ his flock,
be fenced from decay:
Unlesse the higher powers doe cast
the stumbling stocks away:
How can the Lord of truth be pleasde,
when such false Prophets liue:
How will he like to haue them kept
his stely Lambes to grieue:
And doubt the Tiraunts now to say
that time shall come againe
Wherein the blessed Saints of God
by them shall suffer paine:
No no, they feare not to protest,
that where they put to death
Of late but few, for eare such
shall twentie lose their breath
In time to come. O bloudie beastes
and foule infected Swine:
But these be they for whom (no doubt)
men scrape and so purloine:
For whome these factors haue such care
and passing great regard:
For whom they powle the Preachers true
these Monsters to reward.
And hate of theirs so haynous is,
their rancor hath such force
Against the Ghospell of the Lorde,
that (voyde of all remorse)

They

Churchyarde

They eft procure Pluralities
For vile disguised Jacks.
They glad and ioy, to see the Church
sustaine such wofull lacks.
And they againe, a Priesting sort,
attyred in theyr kinde:
Doe creepe into Cathedrall Celles.
theyr charge they haue assignde,
To be discharged per auters mains,
themselues will liue at ease,
They force not what become of flock,
so they sir Nummus sease.
And Nummus do they setle in deede,
which seised buyldes no Schooles:
Nor makes no stockes for men decayde,
no Bertulph so playes fooles.
But here you may not take me so
as if I did defase
Without respect, the good with badde
in eache Cathedrall place.
Much lesse that I depraued haue
all Preachers so attyrde
In Priestish weedes, as Popelings were,
and as theyr state requyrde.
No: farre and farre, be this from me,
for why I knowe right well:
That in these Priestish weedes there are,
full many that excell.

Naye

Naye Bertulph naye, then blame haue I
if so my wordes be meante:
For some of these attyred thus,
in peacefull wise are bent:
And brawle not with their brethren, who
neglecte or cleane refuse:
And therefore great vniustice t'were,
such Preachers to accuse.
Although I wishe (that's all I naye,)
that Preachers might be knowne
From Popish Jacks in wordes and words
a thing confused growne.
But husht, Jle haste me to the shore:
Jle shonne such mounting waues.
Jle leaue this Sea for to be swomme
of tryple tongued Naues.

FINIS.

The seauenth Satyr.

Paule. NOw harken Bertulph to the ende
of this my present tale.
I am enforst my floting Boate
to shore from course to hale.
The time runnes on, the day is spent,
The night awayward pulles,
And endlesse scope of my pretence,
downe pressed pallate dulles.

Churchyarde

O endlesse powre, O wellspring, whence
all wisdome wisely flowes:
O God, whose grace doeth guide the good,
in whome all bounty growes:
Thou knowst the harts, & sëst the raynes
yea, thinwarde thoughts of men
Doe open lye before thy face:
Thou knowst how, where and when
Ech thing hath, is, or shall be done
or else committed: thou
Hast perfite veiwe and insight good
which waye mans hart doth bow.
Thou, thou, I say, sole God of might,
beholdst the harts of men,
What they pretend, what yll they worke:
so iustly iudge me then,
And shut thy mercy from my soule,
if slaundrously my lyps
Doe ope at all: or if my tongue
of vaine presumption skyps
From this to that, or rashly run
more then the truth doth vrge,
Or more then that through extreame rage
and forces of sinfull surge
I am constrainde with deepe remorse
and moaning plaint to tell.
O, oh, how many brothell Bawdes
within the towne doe dwell:

Newes out of Powles

How many filthy scudding scowtes,
besturre their croked stumpes:
For gaine, for gaine, olde mother B
how shee still lymping lumps,
And proddes about with ackwarde pace
vnto her beastly haunt:
How doe these subtile groyning Bawes
poze sicly girles enchaunt,
And oft abet the loued spouse
to start from husbands bed:
Beholde I saye, how by these Bawdes,
are women captiue led
And simple maydes vnto the spoyle.
Beholde and see their trade,
See, see, what wyly winking shiftes,
by cliffe brawde beasts are made.
Of course and custome, common Innes
they watch with warie eye
If that at any tyme they may
(as oft they do) espye
The countrey maides that come from far,
as straungers to the towne:
Whome still the Trottes doe tittle to,
that straight all shame layde downe.
They yelde thē selues as captiue queanes,
vnto some whorish caue:
Where trotting Jade for filthye gaine
doth vrge them to behaue

Full

Full sone themselues vile strumpet lyke
to lyue by whorishe trade:
And she hir selfe doth let them forth
that gaine by them be made.
But (out alas) the Maidens mindes
and comming was tobtaine
Some seruice where to spend their times
as seruaunts to remaine.
O ardent force of flaming sinne.
O rage, O riot, O
That euer such should be sustainde
or once on grounde should goe?
Beholde beholde how good mens wyues
Inueigled are by them?
Behold howe seruaunts they support?
Beholde how they doe hem
And hooke to them through crooked guile
And vndercating craft,
Great store of Truls? Beholde I say
how often is beraft
By them alas the fruitfull wife,
of her moste louing mate:
And husband bearing honest port,
of wife in that same rate.
Beholde also how honest Maides
and seruaunts they entyce
To whoredome, theft, and filching by
their diuilish vile deuice.

But wher are these? how should we know
where such lewde Lossels lodge?
Where is their haunt, & where are they
accustomde thus to dodge?
Rounde, round about the Citie walles.
Within and eke without.
The Alleys, Lanes, yea open streates,
and places all about
Are now repleniſht with such stuffe,
and filthy broken ware.
And (wo begone) the Officers
thereof doe take no care.
For if they did, how durst the Drabs
and Callets be so bolde
As limpe about in lawlesse times
or take into theyr holde
Yong fillock Jylles, and bawdie Jacks
at inconuenient tides:
And still retaine for storeware some
within their house besydes?
How durst the Dunghils daunce about
with blinde vagaries so,
And with close colours leade their trulls
where that they list to go?
Behold, behold, how camoyſed queane
and craftie crooked crib
Doth vnder vile and lewde pretence,
(most like a suttle gib)

Pre

Pretende to place in ſeruice ſtill
yong maydens here and there.
And maidens hauing refuge ſuch,
beholde how they ne feare.
To pilfer, filch, and to purloyne
from Maiſter and from Dame,
And in the ende to giue the ſlip
and ſerue no more the ſame.
Which all doth ſpring from wimpled Be
and olde deceitfull Bawde,
And how to her the gaine doth riſe,
which ſhee by theft ſo drawde
Beſides reuenues of the taile,
and forreine filched good:
Beholde how thus lyke carrein Crow,
ſhee liues by filthy foode.
An other ſorte of them aduert
ſome olde, ſome yong yfeere,
That walke about with Brunes, Pins,
with Tape and other geere.
But well, ſith that the campes be wyde,
wherein as now I walck:
I leaue them here, entending once,
at large therein to ſtalck
And ſeuer places by themſelues,
with ſtyles and parting ſtakes:
And as I can, to my poore ſkill,
reſcind the noyſome brakes.

For treating now of broking Bawdes,
and filthie Panders, I
Haue cause therein full many such
vile persons to descrie.
For why the husband now is preest,
to put his wife for gaine
Unto hir choise to be an whore,
or honest still remaine.
And so it is: else how coulde they
thus strumpet like attyre
And set them out: tys too too true,
they let their wiues to hire.
O great excesse, how long could I
retaine your eares herein,
If I but brickely shoulde discourse:
(So great a scope hath sinne.)
But as I sayde, so shall it be:
I leaue it to my pen,
Which (graunting God) hereafter shal
at large dilate it: when
Both time shall yeelde hir selfe thereto
and minde (as onely bent
Upon the same) shall beate at full,
with perfite true intent.
Meane time, with one thing more, I en
which (sith the day is past)
Ile comprehend in briefest wordes:
and this shall be the last.

Where

Whereas before, of broking Bawdes
my former tale was tolde,
Of Brokers likewise now to tell Brokers.
my Pen shall be so bolde,
For why, their deedes be damnable:
and they in number so
Doe still increase, that day by day
by them deceyts doe grow
In such aboundance, that (alas)
I feare, I feare as now,
All dread of plagues cleane set apart,
to fraude mens mindes doe bow:
Sequestred cleane from Godly loue,
and so from Godly feare,
That rich to poze, where gaine doth lye,
will ruine nought forbeare.
And (out alas) where heretofore,
(prickt forth by thirst of gaine)
Within the Towne, of Brokers, they
did thirtie such ordaine,
Or thereabouts, shrewde wylye Pates
and wittie wincking Colts
(Although in wisedome sure I think,
they showde them selues but dolts)
To vse the trade of broking, and
discretly so the same,
That if the worlde should belwe the Act,
they might be voyde of blame:

Whereas (I say) of late this act
decreed was for intent,
That Broking trade might practizd be
by men so well ybent,
That reason ruling them therein,
(though Gods worde doth forbid,
And cleane condemne all loane for gaine)
their fact might so lye hid.
Now now alas, (O sinfull fact)
the Magistrates, herein,
Not so content for to dispence
with such an haynous sinne,
Doe altogither cleane neglect
by them such order made:
Whereby whole hundreds now doe liue
by beastly broking trade.
And in such sort doe they demeane
themselues, and so deuise,
That horrible it is to tell
which way their gaine doth rise.
Our gentlemen in these our dayes
(as soothly goes report)
In time of nede, to Marchantmen
are wonted to resort
* And take of loane such wares, as they
best like of: yelding theare
Themselues to bandes, and suraunce good
to paye for all the ware,

I speake of the intent as it hath faine out fathers such order made.

* Gentlemē, when they can get no Money of loane, are glad to take wares whereof Money maye be made.

Which whē they haue with thirsting hope
once taken to their handes,
For ware, scant halfe may they obtaine
for to discharge their bandes:
And so perforce constrained are
to sue for brokers ayde,
By whom they thinke to saue themselues:
And so the gwdes are layde
In brokers handes: who handle them
so handsomly I trowe,
That all the gaine that may be had,
doth to the Broker growe.
For (at the least) one part thereof
he kéepes vnto his share:
And yet vnto the gentleman
he yéeldeth for his ware
Perhaps muche more then he himselfe
coulde haue obtainde therefore.
He nicks him, and besides he takes
a crowne in earie score
For payment of his paines therein.
O execrable crime:
Were euer séene such subtile shifts
in any former time,
As are in this our present age:
what should I thinke therein:
No doubt, no doubt, that men as now
doe snoring séepe in sinne.

Note the subtilties of the Marchaunt which vttereth his wares in such sort, and that also for vsurie

Newes out of Powles

The Lethargie or some such yll
doth rifely raigne abroad.
They are downe prest wᵗ monstrous sins
and yet sustaine the loade.
What craft is coyned day by day?
what fraude af fresh is founde?
What new deuise and straunge deceyte
doth in this age abounde?
I feare, I feare, true dealing now
deryded is with men.
I feare me they doe practise Faith
and Truth but now and then.
But (as vnto my former tale.)
Is this the worst they vse?
Will Broker vse this onely theft
and other fraude refuse?
No no, the varlet vengeablye
can coyne more noysome drifts:
Ye hath his bouget fraught with fraude,
and Forie knauish shifts.
Well scapes the dettor, if he doe
three parts thereof obtaine.
Nay, oftentimes hee glad to take
one onely part againe.
For broker when he hath the goodes,
at laysure will repay
The same by peecemeale: and perhaps
for all his foule delay,

The

The detter shall be glad to take
on quarter of the same.
If this be well, (as true it is)
then nothing's out of frame:
And all may be right well forborne,
as it hath bene full long.
But hapt the same to Magistrates,
they would redresse the wrong,
And not set light by suche deceyt:
nor winckyng, let it lye.
Had they such losse, they would I saye
redresse full sone espye.
But who cares ought, so gaine be had,
and wares be made away?
They vtter by such meanes their wares.
Why then, what hurt haue they?
They shall be payde, who eare do lose,
and gaine shal they by lone.
Although the detter lose the halfe,
yet theyle take heede to one.
And oftentimes (such is the fayth
of these vile broaking knaues)
When they haue gotte the dettors goodes,
they wyll lyke roging slaues
Some of them shewe a payre of heeles:
the Rakehells wyll be gone.
Theyle runne away with goodes and all,
though lyke lye therupon.

And

And doubtlesse, many of them doe
so practize now a dayes,
That they come vp and rise to welth,
by such vngodly wayes.
Some of them vse such priuie shifts,
and such close couched wyles,
That they come vp and beare good port
And only liue by guyles.
And other some so slauishe be
and cutthroate cullion lèke,
That when they haue a votie gote,
theyle streightwaye giue the glèke,
And pack away. As, now and then
is brought into their handes
A Chaine of Golde, a Tablet or
some bracelet golden bandes
By Gentlemen to lay to pawne
For Nummus when they nède:
Which, whē they haue once in their hands,
theyle pack away with spéede.
I tell you Bertulph, on my fayth,
if I should now dilate
The vile deceite of Brokers, and
so set to vew their slate,
You scantly could abide to hèer't,
so horrible it is.
But thus we must consider ont,
and so I ends with this.

Wilhers

Churchyarde

Where that the state corrupted is
by them that beare the swaye,
There meaner people will peruert
and bring it to decaye.
If Maiestrate doe winne with fraude,
the commons will the same.
If Magistrate must winck for feare,
then all goes out of frame.
And so I ende till time renus
this tale of mine begonne.
I tell you trueth, there resteth yet
much more ere it be done.
But here you haue vnto my hest,
declared (as I can)
How Numa mus is awayted for
by moste men now and than:
And how the same is put to vse
most wicked now a dayes:
And how it is by men abusde
in spending many wayes.
You eke haue hearde expressed here,
how often times it is
For horde kept close and cofferd vp.
I haue delated this.
Now resteth that I doe declare
how hée hath harmed mée.
But this (as I intende) hereaf-
ter shall dilated bée:

For

For (doubtlesse) herein doth consist
a thing importing wayte,
To shew how Nummus doth deceiue
by Sathans subtile sleight.
And sithe I doe entende at large
of this (God graunting grace)
To write hereafter, now I ende:
and (with erected face)
Unto my God great thankes I yeelde,
that so hath beene his will
To guide my tongue the thing to speake
wherein doth rest such ill.
And praye we hartily vnto him
to mitigate the paine
And plague which for our monstrous lyfe
as due doth now remaine.

Amen.

Churchyarde

The. viii. and last Satyr.

The Author.

THough Muse haue made his finall end,
and Penne haue runne his race,
Yet carefull custome causeth me
to waile the want of grace.
And quaking quill renewes the plaint
that lurckes in pensiue breast
Commixt with cares that flow from head
full fraught with great vnrest.
The time backe beates mine idle braine
that labour ginnes to leaue:
And rage of sinne returnes the griefe
my silent pawse to reaue.
How shall I safely seeke the shoare:
How may I shun the seas,
Untill that Triton blow retreate
and mounting waue appeas:
The dawning day doth keepe aloofe,
and Loades man loseth ayme:
The ryffie rock doth lye in wayte
my beaten barke to maime.
And yet when daye shall once discrye
the daunger of the surge,
Then shall my puppe due course obserue
and glide through crooked gurge.

Peane

Meane time betoſt with great turmoyle,
and tempeſts bitter ſtawe,
Ile kæpe my ſelfe amid the ſtreame:
and yet a while withdrawe
My Pen from port of quiet pawſe.
For time doth vrge me ſo:
The time alas infect with ſinne.
Yea time wherein doth grow
The rage of ſinne and ryots force,
the raumping Serpents guile,
With all deceyt that maye be founde:
yea ſinne almoſt to vile
To be exprelt or ſet to vewe.
But ſuch is Sathans force:
Such are the harts of vanquiſht thralles,
cleane fruſtrate of remorce.
Call call to minde you careleſſe crewe:
Lay cuſtome now a ſide:
And let your fayth with faithleſſe fruites
herein a while be tride.
Confirme the lyfe that you doe leade
And ratifie the ſame.
And then lets ſæ how wilfully
you wander worthy blame.

The canker of couetouſnes is cauſe of all euill.

Firſt Auarice, what force it hath,
what curſed cancre tis,
What running rot and cureleſſe woumde,
to men apparaunt is.

What

Churchyarde

What great enorm this ſin hath wrought
what thirſting hath procurde,
The block, the tree, the beggers bagge
ſuch ſequeale hath inurde:
And yet how ryfely now it raignes,
how graft in greedy mindes,
How grounded tis in peoples harts,
a proſe our liuing findes.
No one abandons beaſtly trade,
nor maketh ſtaye at all
To practiſe fraude and filching lore
ſo gaine therby may fall.
The rich doth laye his goods for gaine,
and gapeth ſtill to gett
The ſubſtance of the needie ſoule
that gote the ſame by ſwett.
The needie (not vnlike) deuils
and ſeeke by ſubtile drifts
To ſcrape for coyne, and gaine to winne,
do ſeeke vngodly ſhifts.
No charitie excluded is:
and loue is kept aloofe.
And right is wronged through rewarde,
as falleth ſtill in proſe:
And Vſerie about the Towne
is maintaind as a trade:
And equitie to eaſe the wrong,
in matters dares not wade.

But

But well, the Sinne shall not be hid
nor cloked from the vew.
I will explane the practise here
in wordes that doe ensew.
The Cormoraunt that coucheth vp
and crams his cankerd bags,
Doth giue to hord his gotten coyne:
and bowte the towne he lags.
To Broker doth he bende his course:
or happly vnto him
The Broker bannes and weanes a mate
for purpose very trim.
And twene them two are crafftes conueyd
and fory falshode wrought.
Twene them are traps so framed, that
thereby is Nummus caught.
O God, what gaine doth guilefull gnutte
by loane of Nummus raise?
How doth he nick the debter now
by hault eracting wayes?
Ten pownds in hundred, nothing is.
and twentie is but small.
For halfe in halfe full oftentimes
in loane among doth fall.
A sicly man constraind of late
to borowe for his nede,
Repaird vnto a Marchant man
to borowe on his dede

The Marchant (as it is of course)
had Money none to lende:
But wares he proferd willingly.
and Dettor in the ende
The same became: and toke to loane
as much as did amount
To thirty poundes of currant coyne
by Marchantmans account.
Which wares so taken vp to loane,
to Broker are they brought:
The Broker to the Marchaunt he
(of whome the same were bought)
Full falsely doth returne them streight:
who now twise gaynes thereby:
For fyrste he soulde and now eftsones
the same agayne doth buye.
So that when this our fiely soule
should rayse thereof the summe:
Aboue the price of twenty pounde,
the credit will not come.
For ten in thirty could vouchsafe,
the Creditor to haue
For recompence in Vsurie.
O careless cankerd slaue,
O cawty cutthroate, cullion, wretch,
O Caterpyllers Feere,
O miserable Murtherer,
Canst thou abyde this geare:

¶The time is now at hande wherein
thou straight account shalt make:
Wherin thou shalt Hell fire gain
for gaine that thou didst take.
O Usurer, thou Sathans thrall,
and Butcher of the Fiende,
Thy Golde shall be transformde to muck:
thy plagues shall neuer ende.
But as thou dost thy Ocker vse
t'oppresse thy neighbour heere:
Euen so the scorching flames of Hell
thy caytyfe corps shall deere.
Thy rusty horde ascendes the skie:
thy dettors harme doth mount
Vnto the high supernall seate
to call thee to account.
Thou greedy Gleade, thou hungry Hawke,
thou starueling Vultures mate,
How darste thou thus by rauine seeke
to maintaine thyne estate?
I see how thou canst soare aloft
like hungry Hawke tespye
And catching kite, when pray shall spring,
for beste gaine bent to flye.
I see thy subtile lagging pace,
and craftie colourde guile:
I see thy false dissembling sleight:
I see thy playted wile.

Thou

Thou haſt deuiſed by the Monthy,
for gaine to let thy ware:
Thy money eke from month to month,
thou canſt right well forbeare.
But for eche ſhilling (Caytife thou)
in ſurplyſage wilt take
A penie: and of twentie ſhil-
lings, twentie pennies make:
And (in that rate) for fortie pounde,
ſo lent out: in a yéere,
Thou wilt receiue twiſe forty pounds
of lawfull Money cléere.
Thou wœnſt to welter here for aye,
and wallowe in thy welth:
Thou neuer thinkſt to ſée the daye
to part from this thy pelth.
But I will tell thée Cormorant,
thou fell and egre droane:
Eche pennie ſhall accountaunt be
which thou haſt let in loane.
And though as now the law be thine
to laye beneath thy foote:
Yet then the furyes by decrée
ſhall rende thy hart at roote:
When as the libell of thy luſt
and bayliwick abuſde,
Shall thée condempne to Limboe pit
and ſcalding lake confuſde.

The Author vpon the Booke, in the defence of the gouernement of the Citie.

Two sortes of men repaire vnto this Booke.
The one to carpe and cauell at my wordes:
The other through delyght, thereon doth looke:
And reading it, true iudgement well afordes.
He deemeth straight (when haply I reproue)
That mine intent is vices to remoue.

But nowe, tappease and satisfie the minde
Of such as rashly ronne with open mouth
At my reproofe which often here they finde,
I thus much say to them in my behoue.
I meane, I touch, I quip no priuate man
For hate, ne spite since first my worke began.

Nor yet doo I (with chyldish rage stird vp)
Seeke to deface a worthy commmon state
Of such as seldome drinke of sinfull Cup
Wy matter such as I doo here debate.
For I protest, I know no matter why
I should so doo: sith no man can deny

That in the Towne are diuers sortes of men
By whome the vertuous are supported still:
With whome the wicked may at no tyme bien
Their noysome drifts, nor work the thing thats yll:
By whome the poore and needie are sustainde:
And eke with whom true zeale hath styl remainde.

I meane both Iudge, Phisition, Lawyer and
The Marchaunt (whom euen all I must commend)
With other elle which in my Booke do stande.
I say, of them there be whome to defende
I neede not here. Their liues auoyde the blame,
And through good lyfe, they wyn immortall fame.

FINIS.

Gentle Reader, for the fillinge vp of emptie pages, this letter written by the Author to his friende lying at the point of death is inserted.

SIr, howe and in what wise euery man shoulde beare him selfe towarde his friende in time of health, in time of prosperitie and strengthe, moste men knowe: yea, suche is the vntruste that is in man, moe men can speake plausibly in time of good happe, as we terme it, then in time of sikнes iudge vprightly. Alas, in time of sickneſſe and in assaultes of death (wherin the bodye is not more greuously oppressed then the minde diuersly distracted and the soule mightelye assaulted) how fewe doe consider, or at the leaſt wise, do apply themselues to the relief of the poore afflicted soule, to the strengthning of the feeble mynde, and to the repelling of those bytter temptations and assaults of the common enemies of mankinde, the olde Serpente, the vaine, wicked and vnconstant worlde, and the fraile, peruerse and rebellious flesh which alwayes doe attend and attempt the sicke enfeebled

and oppressed person? Surely, were it not that God in time of suche extremitye dothe mightelie comforte and confirme suche as be his in the promises of his mercye, in the death of his deare Jesus, and in the merytes of his passion: it is not possible but that sickenes shoulde be intollerable, death horryble, Hel victorious, the bodye liuing, to be a terrour to the mynde, and the mynde so terrified and brought to desperation, to be the perpetual dampnatioun of the bodye and soule.

Which thing considered, and from my verye harte remembred, I cannot chose but in this blessed battaile, and I truste (thoughe somewhat sharpe and egre) yet most happy conflycte whervnto (as a fellowe souldyer, and adopted brother) you are called for your tryall, I cannot chose I saye, but, to the increase of your courage, endeuoure to make plaine vnto you in all that I maye, the fruit of affliction and the commoditye of death: imparting with you suche weapons as for mine owne store, the Lorde our Captaine hathe alloted vnto me, to the ende, that being conueniently appoynted, you may resist and auoyde at all assayes, and become bolde, valiaunt, constant and perseuerable to the death. Touching which death, notwithstanding

ding it be grœuous to the fraile flesh, yet is it moste ioyfullye to be receyued as an vndoubted ende of all griefe, for why? it is the beginning of Ioye and perpetuall tryumph wherevpon a certaine godly man wryteth. If thou haddest a good conscience, thou woldest not flye death. And againe, why hast thou pleasure in that wretched body, whose felowshippe doth nothing els but violentlye withdrawe and deteine thee from the kingcome of euerlasting glorie? O Cousen: what elſe but a place of exile is the miserable bodie to the Soule? And to what thinge elſe maye this our lyfe more aptlye be compared, then to an horswaie or stage playe where men do assemble to behoulde sondrye feates, and where euerye man laboureth in all that he maye, to winne praise, promotion and authoritye after the ende of his tragicall part: God onelye is permanent immortall & euerlastinge: All things elſe are transitorye and subiecte to corruption. They be constituted corruptible and mortall, and must be consumed of time, and haue their endes by corruption. The Sunne shall passe, for it was made but for mans vse: The Mone, and the starres shall perish, for they were created but for the necessitye of man. Heauen and

earth shall decaye, for they conteine but a place of exile and prison for the body of man: yea, the body of man also shall perish, for it is but as an enemy to exercyse the soule, and to make it apte to apprehend by fayth, the Joyes of heauen and crowne of immortalytie. Moste certaine (I saye) it is that the frayle body shalbe resolued to earthe, & there shall sleepe till the soule returne vnto it, and tyll the members be restored to their right places. Wherefore, sithe earth and corruption is the ende of the bodye: yea, the end of all things that were made & created, and that the same ende of the bodye is the beginning of lyfe, wishe for death, wishe for a peaceable departure, and finding the same, imbrace it: saying in your hart: Come Lord, come Jesus, make haste and tary not: Come Lorde that I maye be one with thée and coheyre of the kingdome purchased with thy precious bloud. Deere Cosen and beloued in the Lorde, lette not longe sickenesse discourage you, neyther be you in anywise perplexed or grieued with the lowe state and constitutiõ of your body: And in and abque all thinges, let not hyndraunce in worldly affayres disquyet you. As you haue begonne, so further the will of the Lord, and be ready to receiue

what-

whatsoeuer he wil lay vpō you. For the greatest affliction & misery that man may or doth suffer in this lyfe, is not worthie the least of those treasures which God will bestowe vpon him in the lyfe to come, which is durable, permanent, glorious & altogither full of blessednes. And assure your selfe (for so God hath promised, and wyll not goe one iote from his worde) that he wyll laye no more vpon you, then by his grace and strengthe you shalbe able to beare, although he seeme somewhat sharply to correct you, and somewhat seuerely to deale with you: for who is he whome the Lorde chastneth not? Surely, surely, whome he loueth, the same dothe he chasten, & in him is he delighted as the father in his son, offering himself vnto him as a deere father to his sonne: whereas if we refuse chastycement, we are no sonnes, but bastards, and not inheritable by any right. Ioseph was afflicted and delyuered by ỹ Lord. Dauid was chastised, and he acknowledged the Lorde and founde relieſe in his Soule. Tobias was corrected, and he founde health. Iob was tryed & was made perfect. What shoulde I say, euen all the Appostles, all the Prophets: yea, and all the good men that euer were, haue bine tryed by affliction, chosen

sen by persecutō, and crowned by patience, abydinge the wyll and pleasure of God. Wherefore, be strong in the Lord, & desire of him in your hart ỹ his will may be wrought in you, & that you may with a glad hart receyue whatsoeuer his Maiesty shal lay vpon you. Assure your selfe that this your present sicknes is either for punishment of sinne, for exercise of your faith, or to ỹ death. And therfore, if it be for punishment, beseeche him to giue you patience and assure your selfe vpon repentaunce, to haue frée & full remission in Christ: If it be for tryall, giue him thanks: & if it be to the death, reioise in it, & thinke it is ỹ greatest gift that euer he gaue you in this world, being the very passage to the heauenlye and Angelicall Paradice. And pray euen from the bottom of your hart, that neyther the loue of the worlde, nor the feare of the same death, may distracte you from the desire of it. Be not carefull to leaue your kinsfolckes, friends, and acquaintaunce, let it not grœue you to part from your goods, nor haue any loue depending vpon any earthly thinge whatsoeuer. As for your kinsfolkes and worldly friendes, at your Graue they will leaue you, and within a while after forget you: and shortlye after that, shall dye them-

themselues, and be forgotten themselues also. Your goods wilbe fawning vpon other men, assoone as the breath shalbe out of your body: and euen as they serued you, so are they readye to serue an other, and perhaps to his perdition, without the speciall grace of God. To conclude, lift vp your harte, & cal together your wits, which are dispersed and diuersely affected to things which are corruptible, and fall not from God, for things that are so deceytfull and vaine. A battaile must be, no question: No triumphe is obteined without fyghte, neyther any Garlande giuen, but to him that manfully standeth in the Lorde. If any sorrow be found in death, it ariseth but of our owne infyrme or desperate feare: for death is but a swyfte flyghte or passage of the soule frō the corruptible bodye, rather to be desyred then to be fled from of men. God is the rewarder of this conflict, & heauen is the eternal stipend. Wherefore, let these giftes prouoke you to esteeme this battaile the lighter: for cheerefully shall you passe after death, into ẏ pleasant Campes of heauē, which place is conuenient for those ẏ haue minded heauēly things. The saints of heauē wil receiue you as a friendly cōpaniō of theirs into ẏ portalles of cleerenes, wher-

as

as you shall finde verye glorious abyding. Thus shall you (at the last) come frō greeuous cares and from large continuing troubles into a peceable rest and mansion of quietnes. In the Paradise aboue or like place of pleasure among the departed Saints, shal be your continuaunce, hauing all the heauens at your pleasure. A celestiall song wil be vttered at those recreations, and so swete melodies as are able to moue the Starres. With the Saints, I say, departed hence shal you lyue, and with them shall you raigne in heauen with your Redeemer: so much glorie hereafter shall you haue, and so muche heauenlye honour. What shoulde I saye? In that place is eternall pleasure, and a lyfe replenished with perpetuall felicytie: yea, in that place shall the glorye of the Godhead be reuealed vnto you, and seene with your very eyes: euen with those your eyes of flesh, which from the foundations of the worlde hathe bine hidde frō mankinde in this his mortalitye. Fynallye, there shall you wayte vpon the Lambe, your Sauiour Iesus, who surelye loues you and reioyseth that he hath saued you. Good Cousen, assure your self that in this blessed place you muste néedes bée. And that as surely as your Sauioure lyued

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here vpon the earth, so surely you must and shall raigne with him in the heauens. For there is hée, there is that Sauiour your head who can not nor will not be separated from any of his members. As for the weight of Synne, howe heauye, howe haynous, howe huige and burthensome soeuer it be, caste it all vpon him, for therefore he dyed, and not for small sinnes onely, but for all the sinnes that mankinde hath committed, doth or shal committe from the begynninge of the worlde to the ende of the same. It is his onelye and greate glorye to be a Sauiour. And for that cause is he ascended to the heauens in our flesh, and will in no wise beecyue those poore séely ones vpon the earth that cling vnto him for helpe and saluation. And where as (haply) you may feare, because of the weakenes of your fayth, which nowe in your extreame and laste battayle (if so to be the Lorde haue appoynted it vnto you) is diuerslye assayled and assaulted: Be of good comforte and plucke vp your courage, for that méeke Sauiour wyll not caste you of: no, he will not caste of his séelye creature though he be hable to touche but the hemme of his vesture. It is tolde vs in the sacred scriptures that he will not

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quenche the ſmoking flare nor breake the bruiſed Reed. O, he is gentle, & will make all perfect that in the poore ſoule of mã is vnperfect. He knoweth and hath felt how harde a thing it is for poore man, to ſtande vpon his legs, when he hath to deale with thoſe ghoſtly and ghaſtly enimies: Sathan, the world, and the fleſh: but eſpecially in the Agonye of death. O how well acquainted, is he with thoſe conflicts? Feare not Cowſẽ, feare not: If your faith be but as a graine of Muſterd-ſeede, you ſhalbe ſaued. That Sauiour hath ſaid it. And as for thoſe wounds and ſkarres that theſe bloudy enemies haue made or ſhal make in your feeble ſoule, that heauenly Samaritane ſhall binde them vp againe, and ſhall ſupple them with the oyle of his grace, ſo that they ſhall not hinder you a whit. He will in no wiſe diſdayne you, nor although you were as fowle as a Leaper. For what are they but ſins? what are they (I ſay) but fowle and lothſome ſinnes that his precious bloud hath waſhed and ſhall waſh away in mankinde, ſo longe as mankinde ſhall haue place and abyding in the Tabernacle of ſinful fleſh? He knoweth, yea, he knoweth and that throughly, what poore man is & whereof he is made. And as he knoweth him, ſo he

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lying at the poynte of death.

pitieth hym, and thereof hath giuen him a a sure and euerlasting Testimony: For he hath dyed for him: he hath dyed, (I saye) for man, that man might liue with him for euer be saued. In him therefore be comforted, and vpon him only repose your whole confidēce, to the last gaspe of your life: say vnto him, if not with a lowde and strong voice, yet softly in your sick soule. Lorde Iesu receyue my spirit. Come Lord and make haste. Into thy hands Lorde I commend my spirit. &c. And so saying, waight pacientlye when he shall come vnto you, and put a finall end to your happy conflycte. To the same Lorde, being God in Trinitye, with the father and the holy Ghost, be all honor praise and glory eternally. Amen.

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